



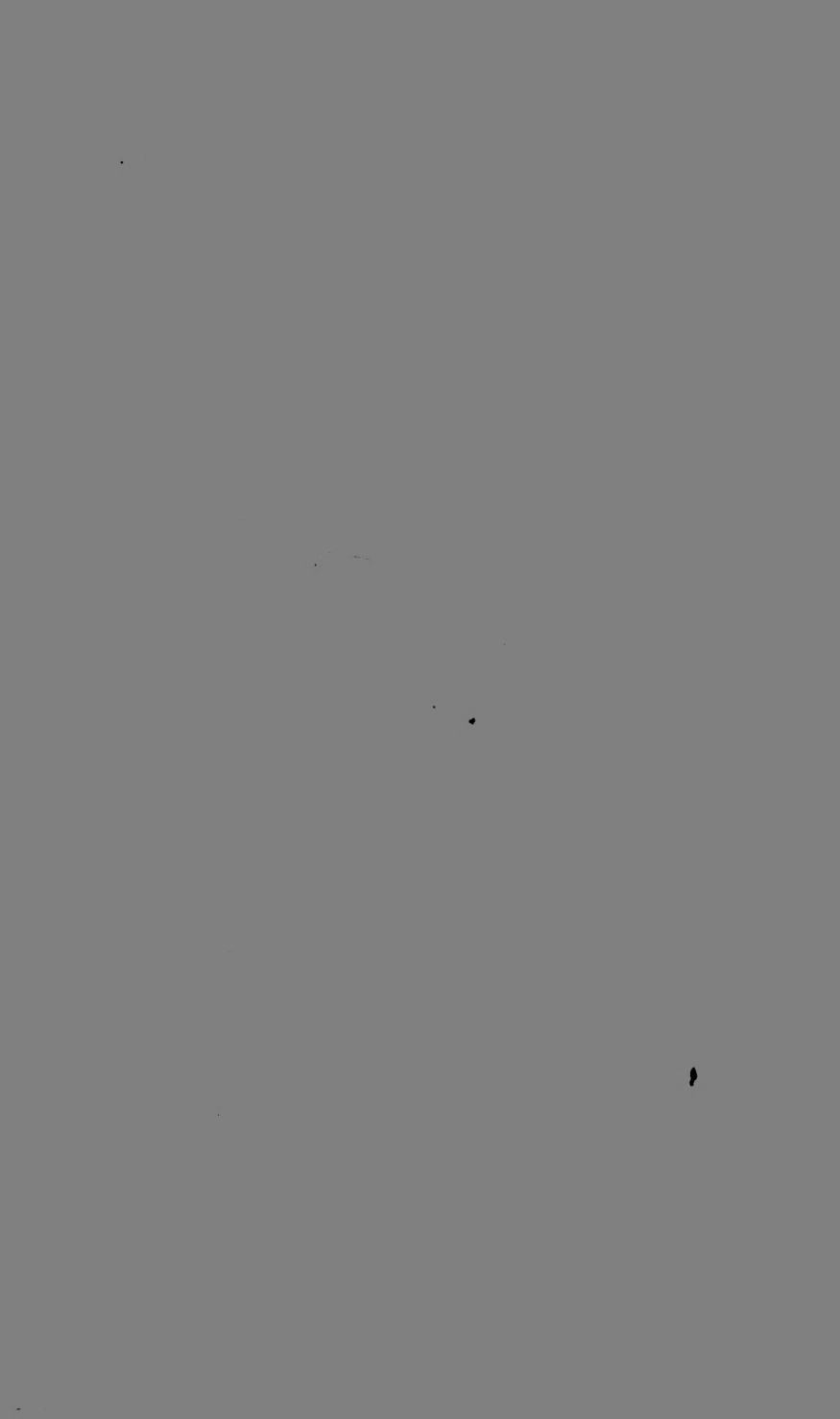
Gathered Leaves





Class PS14.43

Book D 94







Davis ✓

GATHERED LEAVES.

Area $\frac{1}{2} \times \text{base} \times \text{height}$

3
 3
 3 3 3
 3 3
 3 3 3
 3 3 3

CAMBRIDGE :
PRIVATE EDITION.

1864.

PS1499
.I94.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON.



85550
ol

a.m.c., Jan. 7, 1921

Dedicated to my Children.

ELIZA A. DANA.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY,	1
MY NATIVE LAND,	3
JERUSALEM,	8
SONG OF THE WIND,	12
OCTOBER,	16
"TAKING THE STARS IN THE WAY,"	18
THE DEPARTED,	20
THE MOTHER'S CHARGE,	22
PASSING AWAY,	24
LEGEND OF MONTAUK POINT,	26
THERE WAS OF OLD A NOBLE RACE,	28
AFAR FROM THEE,	36
FAMINE IN IRELAND,	38
SONG OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE,	39
DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,	41
CHAMBERS OF IMAGERY,	44
THE BIBLE,	46
THE SOUL,	48
THE FOUNT OF YOUTH,	50
SONG FOR THE PAST,	52
IONA: AN INDIAN TRAGEDY,	54
WEBSTER,	79
GUARDIAN SPIRITS,	84
To ———,	86

THE LAST GOOD-NIGHT,	88
THE LIFE-HARP,	90
SACRAMENTAL HYMN,	92
"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA,"	93
RETURN.—TO ABSENT CHILDREN,	95
ON THE DEATH OF MRS. C. D. H.,	98
THREESCORE YEARS,	100
ANGELS' MINISTRY,	103
THE HARVEST MONTH,	105
SANTA CLAUS VISITING A YOUNG MARRIED DAUGHTER,	108
TO A BRIDEGROOM,	111
RISE, SONS OF THE FREE,	113
AFTER PARTING,	115
THE YOUNG MOTHER,	118
TO ———,	120
THE GARDEN OF THE HEART,	123
NINETY YEARS OLD,	126
THE COMET OF 1858,	129
HAROLD'S DREAM,	132
MOUNT VERNON,	141
A LITTLE WHILE,	143
THE TWO CASKETS,	144
LITTLE JOHNNY,	146
NATIONAL SONG,	148
HYMN: SUNG AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. ———, . .	150
NOT IN THE VALE,	151
TO ONE IN HEAVEN,	152
THE FAR-OFF HOME,	154
THROUGH SUFFERING,	156
MY MOTHER,	157
THE HAND THAT WROUGHT WITH MINE,	159

POEMS.



Introductory.

So silently the autumn came
I scarcely deemed the summer sped,
Till golden leaves with tips of flame,
And many a tint without a name,
O'er all the landscape spread.

The spring was lost in rainbow mist ;
The summer waned 'mid sun and shower ;
And the breath of autumn, ere I wist,
Brushed off the bloom, and coldly kissed
The dew-drops on her bowers.

The year, unrobing for her rest,
Now garners up in vale and hill
The wealth that summer suns expressed,
And wrought like jewels in her breast,
Spring's fragrant urns to fill.

I see the bright leaves falling fast,
Light drifting as the west winds blow ;
So memories from the fading past,
Like waifs along my pathway cast,
Are flitting to and fro.

These autumn leaves were pictured o'er
By dew and frost, by light and shade ;
I could not read their mystic lore,
But morn and evening evermore
Some truthful tints portrayed.

So in these leaves I bind for you,
Is thought and feeling feebly traced,
Revealing little to the view :
Yet months and moments left their hue
Imprinted, as they passed.

Whatever is amiss, inwrought,
Pass tenderly and lightly scan ;
But cherish all that's pure in thought,
And ever follow what is fraught
With love to God and man.

And Thou, who art of "purer eyes
Than to behold iniquity,"
Forgive the erring, the unwise ;
And bless each effort to arise
Nearer to Heaven, and Thee.

My Native Land.

How bright, how fair, my native land,
Thy sunny vales, thy breezes bland ;
How grand thy wild, majestic forms,
Cradled by tempests, rocked by storms.
Gigantic were thy features cast,
Enclosing, in thy borders vast,
Whate'er the patriot's breast should warm,
Whate'er should nerve the hero's arm,
Or wake the poet's living lyre
To freedom's notes of sacred fire.

Lo, where thy forests seem to wear,
Amid the wrecks time scattered there,
The robes creation round them flung,
When erst the stars together sung.
Lo, where thy streams majestic roll,
Unrivalled, to their ocean goal,
Through green savannas, prairies wide,
That well might continents divide.

Niagara, Nature's temple, stands
Where countless pilgrims lift their hands,
And bow before creation's God,

Whose voice is on the mighty flood.
Roll on thy deep-toned organ chime,
Send up thy clouds of incense high ;
Stars have waxed bright, and stars grown dim,
Since first they heard thy glorious hymn
Of praise to One who rules the sky.
Roll on, thy mighty music wakes
The song of fountains, dark and deep,
Rising to light in silvery lakes,
Whose waves in glittering grandeur sweep
Farther than eye can stretch to view,
Farther than ear can catch the strain,
Reflecting starred fields of blue
Wide as the far-off rolling main.

Not for the trifling or the tame,
Not for the gilding of a crown,
Nor garniture that decks a throne,
But, fashioned for a nobler fame,
From the Almighty's hand it came ;
A theatre, whereon should be
Played the great game of liberty.

Such glorious destiny may fail,
For justice holds no erring scale.
Oft may we hear the threatening blast,
And sombre clouds seem gathering fast,
That yet may burst in fury dread,
And overwhelm our nation with the dead.

Lo ! where they lie shades of the past
Down in one common ruin hurled,
Power, fame, and grandeur overcast,
Whose wrecks bestrew a bygone world.

Oh, ye, who glory in our cause,
Of justice boast, and equal laws,
See that oppressions do not mar
The escutcheon that ye proudly bear.
Too many a cause is there for fear,
And boding sounds fall on the ear ;
Too many a wrong our land hath done ;
They may not be resolved to one.

My country, I have loved thee well,
Since first, in childhood's fairy dreams,
Thy glory mingled with the themes
That on mine ear like music fell.
Albeit my cheek full oft turned pale
When listening to the thrilling tale
Of ancient day, — of the Pilgrim band
Who fled in fear their fatherland,
Of the Red Men, in their forest home,
Through whose vast aisles, in shadowy gloom,
The lofty boughs at midnight swung
As the death-chant rose, or the warwhoop rung.

Nor would I yet dissolve the spell
That on my childish spirit fell ;

For then I thought no sky so blue
As that which open'd on my view
From the shadows of the cool, sweet dell,
Where the mountain brooklet murmuring fell ;
And fairer far thy wild-wood flowers
Than the royal rose of Eastern bowers.

Oh, still I love my own green hills,
And deeper yet my bosom thrills
With love for thee, my native land,
Than sunniest scenes of climes more bland.
Those hill-tops crown'd with verdant shades
Whose foliage withers not, nor fades,
I love them still, as in my youth,
Fit emblems of unchanging truth.

But truth demands a darker tale
Than that which turn'd my young cheek pale ;
For then I deem'd thee not unjust,
Though sometimes recreant to thy trust.
Oh, there is yet a deeper stain
On the escutcheon freedom bears ;
The canker of a festering chain
Bedims the lustre of her stars.
Lo, where the son of Afric stands,
And lifts to Heaven his bleeding hands,
And cries, "Behold ! how firm they be —
These fetters forged by Liberty !" —
Nor shall he cry to heaven in vain,

For God shall loose the captive's chain.
See, yonder stream of golden light,
Shooting athwart the brow of night,
Foretelling the approaching day
Destin'd to chase these clouds away.
And glorious yet thy name shall be,
When all thy children are made free.

Jerusalem.

Joy of the earth — Jerusalem,
Thou city of our God ;
To memory even thy dust is dear,
By saints and angels trod.

Far in the dim and misty past,
'Mid Syria's vine-girt hills,
Lo, Salem's peaceful city lies,
Whose name like music thrills.

Time onward rolls, and strange events
Sweep over Syria's plains ;
God's chosen people, long oppress'd,
Have burst from Egypt's chains :

And led by His almighty hand
With miracle and power,
They gain the land of promise given
Their fathers long before.

There nourished, the exotic thrives
And wide its boughs extend ;
While morn and evening sacrifice
Their incense upward send.

Towering aloft on Zion's hill
Jehovah's Temple stands ;
The presence of the Lord is there
To guide its priestly bands.

Power, wealth, and wisdom mark their course,
While nations tribute pay ;
Their prophets roll the curtain back
And read the future day.

Their kingly bards awake the lyre
To notes of angel-song ;
And gales that float through distant years
Those raptured notes prolong.

On, onward rolls the car of Time ;
How changed the scene so fair ;
Jehovah's people leave their God
To worship idols there.

In vengeance now his hand is raised,
Yet mercy does not sleep ;
A remnant sad by Babel's stream
O'er harps now tuneless weep.

Again with songs the captives come,
For God has heard their cry ;
Again their holy Temple rears
Its glittering towers on high.

At length arrives the expected time,
Foretold and prayed for long,
When Israel's mighty King should come,
The theme of every song.

'Tis midnight on Judea's hills,
And solemn silence reigns,
When, lo, angelic music swells,
In sweet seraphic strains.

"Peace and good will to man," their theme ;
"Glory to God," they sing ;
To Israel he has sent his Son,
Their long-expected King.

And how do they their King receive —
Their Lord, the Prince of Peace ;
Messiah, who came down from heaven
To save our sinful race ?

Wo, woe to thee, Jerusalem !
Thy day of grace hath fled !
Wo to thy recreant children, wo !
His blood is on their head.

His blood is on thy doomed walls, —
That doom no pen can trace ;
But vengeance, fatal, fierce, and full,
Sweeps o'er thy guilty race.

A blight is on thy beauteous plains,
And on each sacred hill ;
A curse is brooding o'er thy streams,
And o'er thy children still.

But Judah's God is gracious yet,
Her scattered sons he'll bring,
With songs of joy, when they shall own
Messiah for their King.

And glorious still thy destiny,
Though low thy ruins lie ;
Jehovah will redeem his pledge,
And raise those ruins high.

Joy of the world, Jerusalem,
Jesus shall be your King ;
And yet, from tower and temple high,
Loud shall his praises ring.

Song of the Wind.

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.”

FROM the viewless abyss where my spirit is nurs'd,
In the strength of the mighty my bands I burst,
With fond pride of power and the madness of mirth,
To curl the blue waves and waste the green earth.

Then away, and away, over mountain and plain,
Hurrah ! for wild chaos shall bring up the train ;
Oh, 'tis merry to scatter your trifles about,
And frighten you all with the rattle and rout.

'Tis merry to toss the dark waves into foam,
Old Neptune to beard in his cavernous home ;
To seize on his trident and whirl it on high,
And mingle the wild heaving main with the sky.

Anon, it is mine all your weakness to show,
Your loftiest schemes in the dust to o'erthrow ;
To startle proud mortals, so vainly secure,
So bold to adventure, so frail to endure.

I hie me away to a far desert land,
Where the pilgrim's lone path is a wide waste of sand,
And wrapp'd in the shroud of the deadly simoon
I chant the wild dirge of the caravan's doom.

And oh ! 'tis sublime, in those battlements high,
To muster in force, 'neath a dark scowling sky ;
The lightnings my banner, the storm-cloud my car,
While heaven's artillery makes glorious war !

One blast, and the pride of the forest lies low !
Proud temples and towers are crush'd by a blow ;
My path strew'd with ruins, I enter your walls,
And the mightiest monument totters and falls.

Hark ! heard ye that shriek, that cry of despair ?
Lo, yonder brave ship by the red lightning's glare !
Her rigging all tatter'd, dismasted and torn,
In black waves engulph'd, or on huge billows borne.

'Mid the roar of the waters my song rises high ;
I whistle and shriek, as the scud rushes by ;
And drown e'en the boom of the last signal gun,
As the gallant ship rolls and sinks heavily down.

But many a kindlier deed is mine ;
The tendrils I clasp of the clambering vine,
Breathe soft on the bank where wild flowers lie,
And woo the wood-violet to ope its blue eye.

I pass o'er the islands of spice in their bloom
And waft on my wing their sweetest perfume ;
Sweep over the land where pestilence reigns,
Till the purified air brings health to the plains.

And music to me owes its wild thrilling tone,
Its soul-melting cadence is all my own ;
I sigh, and the harp with soft melody rings,
And I tune the chords when the nightingale sings.

When in boyhood ye bounded o'er mountain and glen,
I cool'd the hot flush on your fever'd brow then ;
And when on the play-ground your merry laugh rung,
Reëchoed the shout and the song that you sung.

I stole to the cell where a captive lay bound,
Crept in, fresh and pure, through each crevice around ;
With the sweet breath of morning I warmed his wan
cheek,
And bore off the tear Heaven's mercy to seek.

I entered a casement where death's seal was set,
With cold dew the brow of the victim was wet ;
Affection was there, the purest, the best,
And fond love had pillow'd his head on her breast.

I fann'd his pale cheek, and play'd on his brow ;
His burning lip bath'd, lent his eye its last glow ;
I gave the last boon earth to mortals can give ;
Alas, 'tis not mine to bid dying man live.

But I bring to the infant his first vital breath,
And the last to revive him when gasping in death ;
In the sunny curls play on youth's radiant brow,
And the silver locks lift when his gray head lies low.

Oh ! ever I'm with you, for weal or for woe,
Whoever thou art, where'er thou may'st go ;
O'er thy cradle, thy coffin, my pinions I wave,
And moan in the willow that weeps o'er thy grave.

I blow where I list, by Jehovah's command,
Who holdeth the wind in his own right hand ;
Nor seers, nor sages, my hiding place know,
Nor whence is my coming, nor whither I go.

Then list to the song that I sing as I fly ;
I must speed on the errands of Him, the most High,
Till the angel shall stand on the sea and the shore,
And I waft the last fiat, that "time is no more."

O c t o b e r .

OCTOBER, still I love thee well ;
Perchance I may not read the spell
That ever binds thee to my heart,
Like friend beloved, too soon to part.

'Tis not alone thy gorgeous dress,
Enhancing Nature's loveliness,
Nor golden store, nor teeming fields,
Nor fruits which only autumn yields ; —

Nor radiant sun, nor glorious moon,
Nor midnight lovelier still than noon,
Nor that my fancy free would roam,
To where they sing the "harvest home."

But, in thy beauty bland, I trace
Emblems of each perfected grace,
That cluster round to gild and bless
A life mature in righteousness.

The calm, serene, and peaceful rest
That settles on the good man's breast,
Whose trust is in his God above,
Whose life is charity and love.

The spring and summer are for me,
Redolent still of mirth and glee,
But like our hopes they flit away, —
For life is like an April day.

But thou, alas ! must early fade,
Thy glory must be lowly laid ;
O'er thee when sweeps the wintry gale,
Thy golden leaves will strew the vale.

“Taking the Stars in the Way.”

An astronomer, who had idolized his science, being interrogated after his conversion respecting it, replied: “I am now bound for heaven, and I take the stars in my way.”

I'm bound for heaven ; 'mid lower skies
No longer may I stray ;
But, as their pathway upward lies,
I'll take them on my way.
Too long I gazed with raptur'd eye
On midnight's glittering scroll,
Till a brighter vision dawn'd on high,
Far, far beyond this star-lit sky ;
And there must be my goal.

Shine, stars of night, my pathway light
With twice ten thousand rays ;
Pour forth a flood of incense bright
In your Creator's praise.
But know, the blaze of all your beams
Were fitful, faint, and cold,
To th' feeblest ray of light that gleams
On heaven's bright shore and waveless streams,
And on its streets of gold.

Roll on, bright spheres, your glorious chime
The morning stars once sung ;
Ring out your harmonies sublime,
Fit theme for angel tongue.
Sweet is your strain, but sweeter far
The song they sing above ;
Your shining host has not a star
That through eternal years shall share
And sing Immanuel's love.

The Departed.

THE departed ! the departed !
Oh, can we e'er forget
The kind, the gentle-hearted,
Whose earthly sun has set ?

Oh, no ! their voices haunt us
In the murmur of the streams,
And their eyes are beaming on us
Through the misty veil of dreams.

No more, no more they greet us
With affection's thrilling tone ;
No more, no more they meet us
In our pathway, sad and lone.

Ye, who our hearts have cherish'd
In our pilgrimage below,
Has the love ye bore us perish'd,
Like the sunset's golden glow ?

Say, if ye love us now as then,
And true love there be blest ?
If on those shores we meet again,
And yearning hearts find rest ?

Yet wherefore ask, why should we doubt ?
“For love can never die ;”
It is the one eternal thought
In those blest realms on high.

The Mother's Charge.

MY Father gave me jewels fair,
Imbued with living light ;
He fashioned them with wondrous care,
His image still, though faint, to bear ;
And bade me heart and hand prepare
To keep it clear and bright.

A casket, wrought most curiously,
Though of inferior mould,
Enclosed each gem ; and " these," said He,
" My temples are, and dear to me,
More precious far than gold."

He warned me with unceasing care
To polish every gem ;
For sin their lustre did impair,
And He would claim them yet to wear
On his own diadem.

Oh, never hold these treasures light,
A price is on them laid ;
The Tempter watches day and night,
But ye must seek that Friend aright
Whose love the debt hath paid.

Ye may not barter them for gold,
Nor crowns, nor kingdoms fair ;
Oh, never has their worth been told ;
When Time's far years away have rolled
Eternity they share.

Still fear not, shrink not, from your trust,
But to the end endure ;
Though dim and soiled with native dust,
Though earthly passions eat like rust,
There is a perfect cure.

Ye need not seek old Jordan's stream
The leprosy to stay,
Nor go to far Jerusalem ;
In every land there flows a stream
To wash each stain away.

Father in heaven, the gift was thine ;
Oh, send thy Spirit down,
To purify and to refine,
And light them with a ray divine,
For the Redeemer's crown.

P a s s i n g A w a y .

In DREAMS I wandered in solitudes lone,
And listened to Nature's deep, sad undertone,
The mournful cadence to music first given,
When fell upon Eden the shadow from Heaven,
And all things, sighing, seemed ever to say,
 Passing away ! passing away !

There was music around me, near and afar,
In the shroud of the mist, in the shine of a star ;
On the gossamer web, on the insect's wing,
And the flower sipp'd the dew with a musical ring ;
But the burden of each swell'd the mournful lay,
 Passing away ! passing away !

Many waters I heard, and the song of the sea
Came surging on high like the shout of the free ;
And the green forest sang, and the tinkling rain,
And the long grass sigh'd to the same refrain ;
While its echo rang out from the rocks so gray,
 Passing away ! passing away !

I woke, and the leaves of the aspen were still,
And the pine grove mute on the moon-lit hill ;
So silent, it seem'd that the spirits of air
Their viewless forces had scatter'd afar,
'Till, slowly rising, again swell'd the lay,
Passing away ! passing away !

Legend of Montauk Point.

WITH his back to the rock and his face to the foe,
Wyandanne has battled it sore ;
Warriors five hath his arm laid low,
But he will return to his lodge no more.

For the Manhasset's arrow sped never in vain,
And fast from his heart flows the living tide,
While the Indian chief sits down by the slain,
And his death-song floats o'er the waters wide :

“My fathers, I come to the Spirit land,
But the blood of your foes on my hatchet is red ;
The Manhasset's chief is slain by this hand,
And he who cast shame on your grave lies dead.

Ah, lovelier now seems the calm moonlight,
And sweeter the song of the surf on the shore ;
But my soul is sad for my Saka to-night,
Who will list for the feet that return no more.

I go to the land where a glorious light
Shall shine evermore on the path of the brave ;
Where the pale-face never shall conquer in fight,
Nor set his proud foot on the red man's grave.

And thou, too, shalt come by clear waters to rove,
When a few more moons shall silver the tide ;
And there we will love, with a true spirit love,
To part nevermore, my dark-eyed bride.

But the stars set their watch, the moon has gone
down,
The bright Aldebaron is climbing the sky ;
And the shades of my fathers are waiting their son,
While the flame of their council fire flashes on
high."

There was of Old a Noble Race.*

THERE was of old a noble race,
Whose darkening day scarce leaves a trace
Of glory round their faded bowers,
Or hope to gild their evening hours.
This favor'd land, from shore to shore,
Their heritage in days of yore,
Is wrested by our mightier hand,
While on their ruins, lo ! we stand,
And drive them toward the western waves,
From home, and from their fathers' graves ;
From all they crave to make them blest :
Oh, where shall they, the weary, rest ?

Their ancient harp lies all unstrung,
Their native songs are yet unsung ;
A few sweet, thrilling notes but tell
How deep its tone, how rich its swell.
All other heroes live in song,
While history's page their deeds prolong ;

* Written soon after the expulsion, by our Government, of the Cherokees from Georgia.

And shall they perish from their place,
Nor leave a vestige, nor a trace ?
Shall they who gave our fathers bread,
When but a few more years are sped
Wither away, and droop, and die
Forgotten, and inglorious lie ?

Not thus their memory shall decay ;
We trace their steps where'er we stray ;
Their names are on our hills and streams,
And mingled with our childhood dreams.
They echo round our mountain caves,
Like spirits moaning o'er their graves ;
From Huron, swelling in its pride,
To Susquehanna's sparkling tide,
From dark Missouri's turbid waves,
To shores the bright Ontario laves,
Those silvery sounds we fondly greet,
Like by-gone music, sad and sweet.

But silent in the wild-wood still,
Oppress'd with night-dews dank and chill,
The hoar of ages o'er it spread,
Hushed with the long-forgotten dead,
I thought the mouldering harp to take,
Some native echo to awake.
Then, from its face the dust I swept ;
And, as the night winds round it crept
And shook the branches where it hung,
'Twas thus the mournful descant rung :

Oh, weep o'er the grave of the Red Man brave,
Weep over his lost domains ;
These mountains bold were the Indian's hold,
And his these verdant plains.

His step was light, and his eye was bright ;
Oh, a monarch brave was he ;
His birch canoe o'er the waters flew,
Like a bird that skims the sea.

Through the tangled wood, o'er the foaming flood,
Deep glens and gray cliffs bare,
He could track the foe, or the bounding roe,
And the wild beast to its lair.

By the breezy glade and the leafy shade,
Broad lakes and babbling rills,
His hut was made and his children play'd,
While their song swept over the hills.

When the sun went down on the forest brown,
And the council-fire flash'd high,
He talked of fame and a deathless name, —
It was left him but to die.

His fearful shout in the battle rout
Startles the ear no more ;
Nor his stealthy tread in the hour of dread,
For here his reign is o'er.

There came to his land a pilgrim band,
In peril and in fear ;
They sought his home 'mid the forest's gloom,
And he gave them Indian cheer.

But his arm was strong and his vengeance long
When he found their faith untrue ;
And sure the aim from his hand that came
When the winged arrow flew.

'They swept the waste like the whirling blast,
And the forest before them fell ;
And he knew his race and the strange pale face
In the same land might not dwell.

Then the warwhoop rose on his slumbering foes,
And flames lit up the gloom ;
But the midnight yell was his own death-knell,
For it sealed the Red Man's doom.

Now dim are the fires of his sainted sires
Where the calumet went round,
And gone is the chief, like the autumn leaf,
From his father's hunting ground.

He is gone, he is gone, and the haunts are lone
Which his father's fathers knew ;
Like a wreath of mist by a sunbeam kiss'd
On the crest of the mountains blue.

He turn'd his back on the white man's track,
For his home was the green-wood free ;
And he could not bow like the forest low,
For a tameless heart had he.

His bow unstrung o'er his back he flung,
His blanket around him drew ;
And his wild farewell on the sad ear fell
Like a breaking heart's adieu.

“ I may not weep, though in sorrow deep ;
I go to return no more ;
The sun goes down with an angry frown,
And the Red Man's reign is o'er.”

'Twas twilight in the solemn wood,
'Mid gathering shades alone I stood ;
Those magic sounds died far away,
But on my soul their echoes lay.
Darkness in silence round me crept ;
The folded flowers in silence slept ;
While sadness sunk upon my breast
For those my people had oppress'd, —
And for their wrongs I wept.

Ah ! said I that I stood alone ?
With night's dark mantle round me thrown ?
No, not alone : the vast, dim wood
Seem'd throng'd with shapes that chill'd my blood ;

Tall shadows from the Spirit land,
A solemn host, a brother band
Of many tribes, yet plain to trace
The features of their lofty race.
I knew their high majestic forms ;
I knew their rude, but glittering arms ;
On, on they came with silent tread,
A mighty phalanx of the dead.

Past is the scene : perchance 'tis vain
That vision to recall again ;
Would that the picture fancy drew
Were all unreal, all untrue ;
Or, that the power were mine to throw
Upon a canvas, wide unfurl'd,
Stern truth, to blazon there and glow
Before this living, sentient world.

Although the Red Man wears not now
The same high front and haughty brow
 He wore in former day,
Though lost to fortune, lost to fame,
Do we not share his guilt and shame ?
 And how shall we repay
The wide-spread misery we have wrought,
The hopeless desolation brought
 Upon his race and name ?

We call him savage, in our pride ;
He, who no courtly thrall could bide,
 No courtly arts could tame.
Our fathers found him brave but kind,
Of lofty soul and generous mind ;
Free as the breeze that whirls away
The rosy clouds of a summer's day,
 But furious as the blast
That sweeps o'er Alleghany's height,
When mustering winds their force unite
 To lay the forest waste.

His temple was heaven's fretted dome,
Where the great Spirit made his home ;
 And, in that minster vast,
He bow'd before no idol god :
The fragrant turf, the dewy sod,
Fit shrine from whence his prayers should fly
To those fair hunting-grounds on high,
 His heaven, his home, at last.

Deem we that fatal, his mistake ?
Let pity in our bosoms wake
 For him whose hopes were vain ;
Nature's dim light, the only given,
To lead him in the path to Heaven,
 Who knew no Saviour slain.
Then leave we to the Great Supreme
Or to forgive or to condemn,

Who will adjudge in righteousness,
And, where he can, will surely bless.

Such were they in our fathers' day,
Such will they be no more ;
Scatter'd and wasting in decay,
Naught can their strength restore.
The wretched remnant of a race
Are all that now remain,
To whom we grudge some little space
Of their own wide domain.

Like autumn leaves that float along
Upon the sullen tide,
Wither'd by vice, and sear'd by wrong,
Down fate's dark stream they glide.
What though the waves move sluggishly ?
Still, still they bear them on
To cold oblivion's silent sea,
Where all they are and were shall be
Forgotten, and foregone.

Afar from Thee.

AFAR from Thee, my Saviour, Lord,
What sorrows o'er me roll ;
Oh, what can light or joy afford,
When darkness fills the soul ?
Then life is like a burning wreck,
Where all is fear and woe,
A fatal glare is on the deck,
And dark waves roll below.

Afar from Thee, afar from Thee,
I'm like the traveller lost
On Lybian sands, a burning sea
By burning tempests tost.
But Thou art like the desert rock,
Whence bursts the cooling wave ;
My spirit's thirst Thou wilt not mock,
There it may freely lave.

Afar from Thee, afar from home,
I'm like the wandering star,
Shooting athwart the midnight gloom,
Through dreary realms afar.

But Thou can'st call the wanderer back,
 Its peaceful course to run,
And joy shall light its destin'd track
 Around the central Sun.

Famine in Ireland.

COME, ye who love the sons of song,
See where the harp of Erin lies,
A blast hath swept its chords along,
And moaning sad its music dies.

A cry comes from your fatherland,
The greenest isle that gems the sea,
Where famine strikes the strong man's hand
Powerless as feeble infancy.

And ye who own a kindred tie
With all the sons of want and woe,
In vain to you they shall not cry,
Nor tears, like rain-drops, vainly flow.

Speed to the rescue, ere too late,
All, all who love old Ireland still ;
Rescue the doom'd, the desolate,
And save the hapless Emerald Isle.

Song of the American Eagle.

I BUILD my nest on the mountain's crest,
Where the wild winds rock my eaglets to rest ;
Where the lightnings flash, and thunders crash,
And the roaring torrents foam and dash :
For my spirit free henceforth shall be
A type for the sons of Liberty.

Aloft I fly from my eyrie high
Through the vaulted dome of the azure sky ;
On a sunbeam bright take my airy flight,
And float in a flood of liquid light :
For I love to play in the noontide ray,
And bask in a blaze from the throne of day.

Away I spring with a tireless wing,
On the feathery cloud I poise and swing ;
I dart down the steep where lightnings leap,
And the clear blue canopy slowly sweep :
For dear to me is the revelry
Of a free and fearless liberty.

I love the land where the mountains stand
Like watch-towers high of a patriot band ;
For I may not bide in my glory and pride,
Though the land be never so fair and wide,
 Where Luxury reigns o'er voluptuous plains,
 And fetters the free-born soul in chains.

Then give to me in my flight to see
The Land of the Pilgrims ever free,
And I ne'er will rove from the haunts I love,
But watch, from my sentinel track above,
 Your banner free over land and sea,
 And exult in your glorious destiny.

Oh, guard ye well the land where I dwell,
Lest to future times the tale I tell,
When slow expires in smouldering fires
The goodly heritage of your sires,
 How Freedom's light rose clear and bright
 From fair Columbia's beacon height,
 Till ye quenched the flame in starless night.

Then will I tear from your pennon fair
The stars ye set in triumph there ;
My olive-branch on the blast I'll launch,
The fluttering stripes from the flag-staff wrench :
 And away I'll flee, — for I scorn to see
 A craven race in the Land of the Free.

Death of John Quincy Adams.

THERE'S mourning in the Capitol,
And death where ne'er he trod before,
Beneath its lofty dome the pall,
And th' hatchment on its darken'd door.
A nation mourns the good man's fall,
And patriot hearts their loss deplore ;
For the noblest Patriot of them all
Hath fall'n, alas ! to rise no more.

He fell in Freedom's sacred fane,
Hung round with laurels he had won,
In th' proud arena of his fame,
With his well-worn armor buckled on.
Vanquish'd by no ignoble foe,
No mortal arm the arrow sped ;
The King of kings alone should bow
Down to the dust his hoary head.

Another star hath left our skies,
Of the brightest group we mourn the last ;
Another link now broken lies
That bound us to the glorious past.

Behold ! each in his shining shroud,
The mighty rise from glory's bed,
To welcome him who long hath stood
"Between the living and the dead."

Time could not chill thy patriot zeal,
Nor toil thine ardent spirit tire,
Nor fourscore winters' frost congeal
The stream that fed the Poet's fire.
What though that voice be hush'd in death ?
"Those clay-cold lips are eloquent,"
Genius, that fired thy latest breath,
Falls not to earth like arrow spent.

And now, how shall we speak his praise,
Our love, our veneration tell ?
His requiem shall a nation raise,
And Fame's loud trump high pæans swell !
Shall sculptur'd marble o'er him rise ?
Or pilgrims rear a golden shrine,
To worship where he lowly lies,
And gather relics half divine ?

No, from the tomb his shade would start
To check idolatry so vain,
And bid such mockery depart,
Nor thus his name and honor stain.

No, seek the wisdom that he sought,
Obey the laws that he obey'd ;
His precepts well that wisdom taught,
His life those precepts well portray'd.

Chambers of Imagery.

OH, the soul hath many chambers
Filled with imagery sublime,
In whose censers glowing embers
Wait perfumes unchanged by time.
Glowing still beneath the ashes
Fallen from their native fire,
And a breath may kindle flashes
That shall yet to Heaven aspire.

Time may quench, with icy fingers,
Incense-flames that upward rolled,
Still the cloud above it lingers,
Though the urn itself is cold.
Round these mystic walls are flitting
Things unseen by mortal eyes,
High, mysterious, yet befitting
Spirits training for the skies.

Glimpses of some happier Eden,
Sunny slopes and shining hills,
Wafts of air with fragrance laden
From the dew the heart distils.

Veiled and dim, but strangely shining,
Stands enshrined the beautiful,
Through obscurity divining
Tracery of the holy still.

Music hovers, like a spirit,
Waiting but the witching spell
Of some tone our souls inherit,
Through each thrilling chord to swell.
Now it rolls like lava burning
Through its lofty sounding halls ;
Now, to soothe the heart's deep yearning,
Like the rain of summer falls.

Memory, slumbering at the portal,
Record keeps, though closed her eyes ;
Transient scenes she stamps immortal
From forgotten graves to rise.
Oh, there is within these chambers
Imagery of more than time ;
Kindle up the smouldering embers,
And behold the soul sublime.

The Bible.

BLESSED Book, where truth lies burning
Like the diamond in the mine,
Every page some gem upturning
Radiating light divine.

O'er the hills of Eden gazing,
Here creation's work we view ;
See the firmament first blazing
O'er the world of waters blue,
And the green earth dipp'd in dew.

Sad the tale of man's first falling
Into ruin full, complete,
But for love the doom forestalling,
Laying down at Justice's feet
Its own blood-stained mercy-seat.

Only charter that has given
Immortality to man,
With its promises of heaven
Traced secure e'er Time began
On the glorious gospel plan.

Through it, prophecy is spreading
Light that centres in the throne,
Round this tabernacle shedding
Radiance, like to that alone
Where the lost Shekinah shone.

Music from the stars of morning,
Light that first the darkness tips,
The Evangel, and the warning, —
Till the pen in glory dips
For the bright Apocalypse.

The Soul.

AWAKE, my soul, no longer lie
Forgetful of thy destiny,
No longer shroud in mists of earth
This living ray of heavenly birth.
I stand in awe, O soul of mine !
Before thy gifts almost divine,
Affections, passions, knowledge high,
And limitless as yonder sky.

Thou, who canst soar above the spheres,
And sweep the cycle of the years,
Trace Time to Eden's morning gate,
And on its waning twilight wait,
Chain not a thing so grandly free,
A captive thrall of earth to be, —
Captive, though reared with golden bars
Thy prison-house were 'mid the stars.

Search now the world's wide splendor o'er,
And thou hast brighter in thy store,
Where bold imagination vies
With things surpassing in the skies.

No darkness deepens like despair,
No foe assails like pallid Fear,
While Hope's tiara shines afar,
More lustrous than a central star.

Ah, fallen Soul ! wert thou but wise
How beauteous might thy structure rise,
Now marred, defaced, a failing trust,
A splendid ruin in the dust.
Then wake, my Soul, to righteousness,
Aspire to light, and God will bless ;
And from these ruins yet may rise
A glorious temple in the skies.

The Fount of Youth.

AFAR, 'mid bright and sparkling seas,
Whose waves just rippled to the breeze,
Lay a fair and sunny isle,
With music, bloom, and fragrant flowers,
Chimed ever on the rosy hours
Through Spring's eternal smile.

No noisome fen or poison plant
Sent forth a pestilential taint
Upon the amber air ;
But health flowed in on every wave,
Till love and joy grew strong and brave,
And beauty wondrous fair.

And where the greenest mosses grew,
Cool sparkling like the morning dew,
Gushed up the fount of youth ;
All those who drank and bathed therein
Would life and youth unfading win :
So ran the legend, sooth.

And many a light and flowing sail
Flung forth its white folds to the gale,
And many a bark sped on
With those who sought that isle afar,
And oft they deem'd some guiding star
Was rising in the dawn.

How vain the search, and hopes how vain !
They sought a phantom o'er the main ;
This was their last farewell ;
What trackless seas they wandered o'er,
What wrecks bestrew some nameless shore,
None e'er returned to tell.

And ever thus some charmèd isle
Dimples the dark wave with a smile,
And lures us to its shore,
Proving, perchance, a shining cloud
That wraps us coldly, like a shroud,
And we return no more.

But, far above these changing skies
That blessed Fount to light doth rise,
Pure, and without alloy ;
Oh, may we there beloved ones meet,
And pledge them in those waters sweet,
Life, love, and endless joy.

Song for the Past.

ONE song for the past, e'er I enter the list,
One sigh for the flowers that faded so soon,
One tear for the rainbow dissolving in mist,
And then will I buckle my armor on.

But where are the thrilling words, glowing and bright,
Whose point should be traced with a burning pen ?
And where is the pencil, all quivering with light,
To picture those day-dreams of childhood again ?

Like the sunbeam of morn in the spirit enshrin'd,
Like the rainbow of evening embalmed in the soul,
With the song of the lark round the heartstrings
twin'd,
Are the glorious visions on memory's scroll.

Farewell, fond illusions, no more are ye mine,
Such rapture and beauty return not again ;
For stern are the duties of hurrying time,
Henceforth I must enter the strife with men.

Then, onward undaunted yet, why should I deem
The child's aspirations for manhood too high ?
I'll gird me with hope, and my early dream
Press on to fulfil, — till I triumph or die.

Iona: An Indian Tragedy.*

PART FIRST.

THE summer sun is sinking low,
In splendor robed, majestic, slow,
Like mighty monarch to his rest,
His gorgeous couch the crimson west.
Light, fleecy clouds are floating high,
Like snow-flakes o'er an azure sky,
Soft as the rosy-tinted light
Reposing on yon eastern height,
While o'er the tranquil valley plays
The setting sun's unclouded rays.
They flash upon the sparkling streams,
Whose ripples break in starry gleams,
And flicker on the aspen-leaves
With hues as bright as fancy weaves
To twine around youth's radiant brow, —
As brilliant and as transient too.

Far up among the sunny hills,
Are winding down soft, silvery rills,

* Founded on fact.

To swell the stream that cheers the vale,
Low singing to the summer gale.
Close on its marge — with wild-flowers gay,
And long grass dripping in the spray —
An Indian lodge of humble size
In eve's calm sunshine quiet lies,
Half hidden by the clambering vine
Whose tendrils o'er the low thatch twine.
Apart and lone from all it stands,
A fitting bower for fairy hands.
Still farther down the open glade
Are Indian huts, in form arrayed,
Mingled with plats of tasselled maize
All shimmering in the sunset blaze,
And circled by luxuriant swells,
With groups of trees and lofty hills.
Now, shows the open village green
A rude but animating scene,
Where well they mimic battle-strife,
And each wild scene of Indian life.

The long, long sultry hours are past :
To the joyous heart how swift they haste ;
But hours seem long to those who wait
Some issue of untoward fate.
Slowly they sped to her who stands
With drooping head and folded hands,
Her form so motionless and fair
You well might deem it sculptured there

But for the heaving of her breast
And anxious eye that cannot rest. .

That graceful form and lofty air,
That flashing eye and raven hair,
The flowing robe and wampum belt,
The moccasins so gayly gilt,
And attitude of untaught grace,
Bespeak her lineage and race.
But little recks she of the day
The red man held undoubted sway
O'er hill and valley, waste and wood,
Monarch of forest, field, and flood ;
Far deeper grief her heart must bear,
And keener wrong is rankling there :
Love, scorn, revenge, in fearful strife
Are struggling at the fount of life.

Iona was a warrior's child,
A flower just opening in the wild,
When young Nogisqua sought her hand,
And pressed his suit with accents bland,
Laying his trophies at her feet,
With many a gift of fond conceit.
And when, his constancy well tried
He won Iona for his bride,
In chase and war and wild-wood bower
Of all their tribe he was the flower.
But, caught within the white man's toil,

He fell, temptation's easy spoil ;
And now, love, honor, all forgot,
The very gifts her hands had wrought
Were bartered for the liquid fire,
Whose course is like the lava flood,
Sweeping with desolation dire
Each heavenly hope, each earthly good.

But, more corroding, worse than all,
Before which other wrongs seem small,
This day she learned, with sad surprise,
That he had sold, in secret guise,
Her own brave steed, upon whose head
Prophetic augury was laid.
It was a creature gentle, kind,
Yet fleet as the careering wind.
Its color matched the shining fawn,
As graceful, too, it skimmed the lawn,
With flowing mane, and fiery eye
That glanced with joy when she was nigh.

And this had been her father's gift,
When of his only son bereft
In battle brave. Then to her side
He led it, more in grief than pride,
Patted its graceful neck and head,
And to his daughter gravely said :
" Showain is old, he has no son
To share the spoils his fathers won ;

Iona is the last one, now,
On our tall tree a lone green bough.
Take this my gift, last of its kind,
For with its life thine own is twined.
Long have our chiefs the race possessed,
And by our fathers' graves they rest.
Long has their fate been linked with ours
By spirits dark and mighty powers."

Turn we again to that bright hour
Bathing in light Iona's bower.
There for a while she musing stood,
And thought came rushing like a flood,
That darkly imaged in its flow
Her tale of wrong, her life of woe.

The village sports are sounding high,
The shout, the whoop, sweep cheerly by,
The merry laugh rings loud and clear,
But other sounds arrest her ear.
Far o'er the forest pathway made
Beneath the stately elm-trees' shade,
A hasty and unequal tread
Comes rustling on the leafy bed.
That step is his, she knows it well,
And higher does her anger swell,
Again upon his form and face
The signs of his deep shame to trace.
Awaiting thus his coming nigh,

Fierce flashes kindle in her eye,
An angry frown is on her brow,
And on her cheek a burning glow.
Yet, while with rage her breast is torn,
Her words are sooth, though full of scorn.

“Nogisqua comes, is he awake?
And has he tracked the wily snake
That basely stole, at dawn of day,
Iona's Prairie Pride away?”

“The Lion's eyes are open wide,
But not to watch your Prairie Pride.
The Lion's trail is broad and clear,
He scorns deceit as well as fear.”

“Iona's eyes are open, too,
She hears his words, they are not true.
His tongue is forked, his words are lies,
He seeks with dust to blind her eyes.”

“Iona's words are bitter now,
Once sweet as summer waters' flow.
Her eyes, that beamed like morning light,
Are dark as cold December's night.
Ah, thou art lovely even now,
With that dark cloud upon thy brow.
Nogisqua sold thy Prairie Pride,
What if he sell his Prairie Bride?”

Nogisqua is a warrior brave,
He is thy master, thou his slave."

Now from her bright cheek fades the red,
The torrent to her heart hath sped.
Her father's spirit rises high,
Inflames her blood, and fires her eye.
"Ah! dar'st thou call Iona slave?
In vengeance thou shalt find her brave."

Aroused from his besotten maze,
He scanned her face with eager gaze,
Shook the wild plumes upon his head,
And with malicious mockery said:
"Ah, how the Lion fears to know
He has enraged so fierce a foe."
Then, as half pleased her threat to dare,
Approaching, with his bosom bare,
While in her hand his knife he laid,
"Now strike the blow," in scorn he said.

With frantic rage she grasped the steel,
And e'er the heart had time to feel,
Or know it had a purpose even,
Deep in his breast the blade was driven.
Amazement seemed to check the groan
That ended in a stifled moan.
"Iona — thou" — he, gasping, said,
Drew forth and dropped the dripping blade,

Then fell, as falls the sturdy oak
When sundered by the woodman's stroke.
Transfixed and pale Iona stood,
Besprinkled by Nogisqua's blood,
With glazing eye, and look as chill
As though the last cold pulse were still.

As the poor wanderer of a dream,
Plunging beneath the midnight stream,
Is wildered first till memory wakes,
When o'er his head the billow breaks,
But wakes, alas ! to find how vain
Each hope that turns to life again ;
So, to Iona, slow returns,
And dim the lamp of reason burns.
First gazing round in mute surprise,
Then, "What is this ?" she wildly cries.
"Nogisqua's blood, in which I stand ?
'Tis on my heart ! 'tis on my hand !"
And then she cried in agony,
"Nogisqua, wake ! thou shalt not die !"

Thus wildly raves the frantic wife,
And strives to stanch the stream of life.
In vain, in vain, it will not stay,
The purple tide ebbs fast away.
Her trembling arm is round him pressed,
His head is pillowed on her breast,
Where now awakes, but all in vain,
Remorse that ne'er shall sleep again.

PART II.

COLD on the stream the moonbeams play,
Nogisqua lies as cold as they.
Bedimm'd that eye, whose eagle glance
Once flashed like sunbeams on the lance,
Those sinewy limbs, now all unstrung,
Once like the summer wildfire sprung.
But dusky faces gather round,
Attracted by the fearful sound
That from her lips in anguish broke
When from the dreadful dream she woke.
Her stiffened fingers they unclasp,
And take him from her frenzied grasp,
Yet tenderly, with silent grief, —
She is the daughter of their chief.

The Elders meet in counsel now,
And darkly lowers full many a brow,
Though grief and pity seem combined
To gently sway the savage mind.
But vengeance by their law is due
The nearest kin of him she slew,
Who must the sword of justice take,
And in her blood that vengeance slake.
A runner next with orders brief,
They choose to seek their absent chief.
The father may the child forgive,

The chief may bid the subject live.
Meantime by torch-light they prepare
The corpse with superstitious care.
The wild bird's plumes are on his head,
The wampum binds the blanket red,
With moccasins his feet are shod
For the road no living foot has trod.
Flesh of the buffalo and deer
With corn and fruits they bring for cheer.
His gun and horn and scalping-knife,
With weapons all for deadly strife.
Vain care, though in their spirit-land
They dream to find a shadowy band,
Shades of the dead by shades pursued
Through airy wild and phantom wood.
Thus, in the forest's gorgeous gloom,
Nogisqua waits Iona's doom,
With trophies of the war and chase,
To grace the brave's last resting-place.

The moon had sunk behind the hill,
But tinged with light the upland still,
When the runner from the camp withdrew,
Prompt to fulfil his mission true.
Then swiftly spread the night's dark pall,
Veiling in gloom the landscape all,
And till the morning cheer his sight
The stars must be his only light.
But soon he left the plain behind,

Through tangled woods his way to find,
Where to an eye less skill'd and keen
Impervious darkness it had been.
Where lofty trees their boughs unite,
And sombre falls the noonday light,
The glimmering stars' less powerful ray
On the dense foliage dimly lay.
Yet on he pressed through bush and brake,
Whose tenants scarce had time to wake,
As pushing through the leafy screen
He passed the mingling boughs between,
So swift and noiseless was his tread
As through the forest path he sped.
The mountain now before him lies,
And craggy cliffs around him rise,
Where, through the chasm and the cleft,
Along the drift the torrent left,
Through darkness, mist, and dashing spray,
He presses on till dawn of day.

The gray gloom fades, silent and slow
Unfolds the morn in ceaseless flow,
Till wave on wave of golden light
Gleams through the solemn veil of night.
The runner, stern and calm till now,
Loiters to bathe and cool his brow,
And frame his tidings for the ear
Of him he holds in reverence dear.

That tale the chief in silence heard ;
 He shed no tear, he spoke no word,
 Though life's warm current ceased to flow,
 And left his heart like polar snow.
 Like some tall pine by lightning riven,
 Scathed by the fiery bolt of heaven,
 Shivered and rent, he seemed to stand,
 As blasted by some mighty hand.

Aroused at length, he cries, " Away !
 Showain must go, he cannot stay !
 Brothers, farewell ! the moments speed."
 And, mounting on his trusty steed,
 He leaves the camp, scarce knowing why,
 Except from anguish he would fly.
 Now furiously he onward dashed,
 As some new terror o'er him flashed ;
 Then checked his speed, as he would fain
 A little longer respite gain ;
 And ever and anon gave vent
 To woes too mighty to be pent.

" The sky is dark, there is no light, —
 The sun of Showain sets in night :
 O'er all the heavens the clouds are spread ;
 They burst in thunder on my head.
 My hearth is cold, my lodge is lone,
 Bad spirits made my child their own.
 Oh, who shall mourn for Showain now,

When the Great Spirit lays him low ?
Ah ! is it not an evil dream,
Whose fancies only real seem ?
No, no : for then I might awake,
Or in the strife my heart would break."

The chief pursued the open road,
Where high the sun at noonday glowed ;
 And fervid beams it shed,
Glistening upon the rocks that lay
Scattered around, as bare and gray
 As his unsheltered head.
But for himself he had no thought :
Too deep with woe was feeling fraught
 For life to seem of worth ;
Yet, from such deep despair, there came
Sometimes a hope without a name,
 Which thus in words broke forth :

"'Tis false ! 'twas not Iona's hand !
Some foe the evil tale hath plann'd ;
Or, if it be, thou shalt not die :
Far, far away with thee I'll fly.
Oh, what is fame to Showain now,
If his own hand must lay thee low ?
What ! I, thy father, judge, must be ?
My child, oh, I would die for thee !"
And then a shudder o'er him came,
That, like an aspen, shook his frame ;

His tearless eye was upward cast,
And then he sighed, "'Tis past, 'tis past ;
Away, bad Spirits ! hence ! depart !
Whose forked tongues are in my heart.
Good Spirits, come ! Ah, now I hear
You gently whisper in my ear :
" Showain, the spirits of thy sires
Are watching by their council fires,
And the Great Spirit, too, looks down
To see if justice guide his son."

The clouds lay heavy in the west,
Where, for awhile, their forces rest
In massy banks of inky hue,
Beneath a heaven of azure blue ;
Then, rolling up athwart the sky,
Like a huge armament on high,
With shivering shrouds and swelling sail,
They fly before the angry gale.
The thunder in the distance rolls,
The blast within the forest howls :
 Anon, 'tis silent all ;
So still, you hear the ripple flow,
And the sullen sound, distinct, but low,
 Of the distant water-fall :
Then, booming on, the thunder came ;
The earth and air seemed wrapt in flame,
 And loud the wild wind blew ;
Before its might the forest bowed :

Crash followed crash from riven cloud,
So fierce the tempest grew.

How fared it with the chieftain, when
The storm came rushing down the glen,
Bursting upon his hoary head
With fury that might shake with dread
The soul that fears to die ?
For him, absorbed in harrowing grief,
It swayed him like the shrivelled leaf
That hangs on dark December's bough, —
As desolate and withered now,
And soon as low to lie.
But ah, not yet his task is done :
The wretched find not rest so soon,
Nor life at will lay down.
One fearful trial yet remains,
Sad close for all his toils and pains,
His sorrows and renown.
Awhile unconsciously he strove,
Then sunk, unable more to move,
And felt a stern relief :
The tempest's roar, the crash, the din,
Less fearful than the strife within,
Of love, despair, and grief.

The storm passed on, its wrath was o'er ;
The chief pursued his way once more ;
A sullen calm was at his heart,

Whence hope forever must depart :
 But now the sun is sinking low,
 Shedding a soft, refulgent glow
 O'er scenes so late with terror rife,
 While raged the elemental strife.
 Ah ! what has caught his haggard eyes ?
 The camping ground before him lies :
 Now he must gird him for the strife
 That more he dreads than parting life ;
 Now he must rouse his heart to bear,
 Though every nerve is quivering there.
 He is the chief, and he must be
 Firm as the rock that breasts the sea :
 He guards the law, — ah, cruel trust !
 How can he to that law be just ?

PART III.

How fair the night, so clear and still
 The moonlight slumbers on the hill :
 All calm and holy as the face
 Of infancy in sleep's embrace :
 All pure and bright the soft repose
 As dew-drops resting in the rose.
 Oh, who could deem that aught so fair
 Looked down on sorrow, guilt, despair ?

The council fire was burning bright,
 And, by its fitful, varying light,
 The assembled tribe were seated round,

In silence solemn and profound.
Iona, in the circle placed,
Ne'er from the ground her sad eye raised, —
The centre of the solemn ring, —
While, in due form, the charge they bring.
Then slowly rose the stricken chief,
So marred by those long hours of grief,
Not all the firmness of his race
Those lines of anguish could efface.
A storm now on his spirit came,
That fiercely shook his trembling frame :
Long dwelt his eye on vacancy,
Or o'er his tribe roamed anxiously :
Then on his child he fondly gazed,
Till unto heaven his eye he raised,
And stretched his hands in helpless grief
To the Great Spirit for relief ;
And when the furious storm had pass'd
Upon Iona looked his last.
Then, turning to his tribe, he said :
“ Blood must avenge the blood once shed.
Nogisqua's brother must be found,
And when the sunset floods the ground,
Iona's life then let him take :
Our fathers' laws we must not break.”

A runner left : I need not dwell
Upon his course, nor what befel ;
Swiftly he sped, long was the way,

Twice rose the sun, twice closed the day,
 Since that on which the Indian chief
 Pronounced that doom so sad and brief.
 Alone within his hut he staid,
 From none accepted proffered aid ;
 And of his welfare naught they knew,
 Though much they sought with kindness true
 To share the grief they might not cure,
 And all they could with him endure.

Within Iona's lodge the while
 Arises oft the mournful wail,
 And, borne through many a greenwood aisle,
 It sighs along the summer gale :
 There, on a couch with rushes strown,
 She sits as still as chisselled stone ;
 No tears bedew her pallid cheek,
 No kind relief her heart doth seek.
 Her anxious friends around her wait,
 Mourning her sad, untimely fate ;
 And chanting wild, with solemn dread,
 Lament the living as the dead.

The dead, the dead, — where are the dead ?
 We lay them in their narrow bed,
 And pass on life's lone way ;
 But, soft as falls the summer dew,
 We feel an influence, strange and new,
 Around us night and day.

Oh, when they leave this mortal coil,
And passions that the spirit soil
 Fall back to earth again,
Do they not hover near us still,
Some kindly office to fulfil,
 And love us now as then ?

Perchance, thus mused Iona there,
In grief that sometimes checked despair ;
Absorbed in feeling so intense,
It waked at length an inward sense
That seemed to pierce the misty veil
Shrouding the realm of spirits pale :
When, lo ! absolved from mortal pain,
And purified from human stain,
She deemed, ah ! was it phantasy ?
She saw Nogisqua's spirit nigh,
And that, foreknowing her sad fate,
For her departure he would wait,
O'er the abyss, with hand in hand,
To lead her to the spirit-land.

As the startled bird spreads out its wings
 To meet its mate afar,
When the first note the wanderer sings
 Comes floating on the air,
So, from her couch Iona springs,
And from her brow the dark hair flings,
 To meet that vision fair.

And now before the group she stands,
 With panting breast and outstretched hands,
 And eyes, whose fixed, unconscious gaze,
 The rapture of her heart betrays ;
 Her parted lips are murmuring low
 With sounds of mingled joy and pain,
 Till into native song they flow, —
 A wild and thrilling strain.

“ Oh, my belovèd, art thou near ?
 I see thy smile, I will not fear ;
 But say, canst thou forgive ?
 This hand hath blotted out thy name,
 And bowed a father’s head in shame :
 Iona would not live.

“ I may not weep : such tears were vain ;
 They could not wash away the stain,
 Though from the soul they start ;
 The daughter of an Indian chief *
 In tears may never drown the grief
 That swells my breaking heart.

“ I may not shrink with woman’s fear ;
 Iona bows to justice here ;
 To-morrow’s setting sun
 Shall guide the hand that lays me low ;
 My own heart’s blood for thee shall flow,
 And vengeance shall be done.

“Oh, my beloved ! hear my prayer,
In that dread hour wilt thou be there,
 And smile again on me ?
My heart will leap to meet thee so,
I shall not fear nor feel the blow
 That sets my spirit free.”

Hushed is the song, but when shall come
The hour that seals Iona's doom,
The memory of that vision clear
Will nerve her heart with strength to bear.

PART IV.

Again the sunset hour draws nigh,
The hour Iona is to die ;
And, flooded by its crimson rays,
The forest paths seem all ablaze :
Again the tribe assembled there,
And for the solemn rites prepare.
Hushed as the calm before the storm,
A semicircle now they form ;
The base is bounded by the stream
Whose placid waves in sunshine gleam.

Warriors are there, adorned with paint,
With nodding plumes and armor quaint,
And trophies rude in battle won,
Descended down from sire to son.

The medicine man is wildly singing,
The bells upon his robe are ringing ;
Rudely he throws his arms around
While chanting low in guttural sound ;
Then, screaming loudly, rends the air
With notes of horror and despair,
Till, wild with superstitious fear,
They quake his frantic voice to hear.

Beneath a tall, wide-spreading tree,
Iona leans, unshackled, free,
With calm, sad dignity and grace,
Befitting well her noble face ;
An ermine robe of spotless white,
With scarlet fringe and tassels bright,
Is by a curious belt confined ;
Her arms the shining bracelets bind,
While beads and braids of glossy hair
Entwine her head and forehead fair.
But once she gazed the circle round,
If there her father might be found :
Oh, no, not there ! he could not brook
Upon his daughter's death to look.
One moment heaved her sobbing breast,
More firmly then her lips compress'd,
As if arousing native pride
With fortitude her fate to bide ;
When, sudden as a meteor's fall,
The avenger stands before them all, —

Nogisqua's brother, by his eye
That glares with fierce malignity,
Nogisqua's blood cries from the ground,
And to avenge it he is bound.

His eye seems flashing fire below
The sable plume upon his brow ;
A quiver o'er his back is flung,
His garnished bow beside it hung,
And o'er his hunting shirt of blue
Is thrown a scarf of varied hue.
His belt with wild-boar's tusks supplied,
Rare ornaments of savage pride,
And shining claws of the grisly bear
His prowess in the chase declare.
Now, on the sun's broad burnished beams,
The red man's homeward pathway gleams ;
Bright o'er the scene the red light plays,
And flashing on the dazzled gaze,
From the avenger's armor bright,
He stands a champion clothed with might.

One lightning glance around he flings,
And, while the scalping-knife he swings,
Like night-hawk swooping through the air,
Like lion leaping from his lair,
Upon Iona fiercely springs,
And wreaths his left hand in her hair.
Slowly he lifts his weapon now,

To mark a cross upon her brow ;
One moment gazes in her eye,
Then shakes the glittering blade on high,
And, swift as lightnings downward dart,
Sheathes it within Iona's heart.

Upon a rock above the stream
The father sat as in a dream,
Screened by a hill it circled round,
Though near the fatal camping-ground :
There he remained to watch and wait
The hour that sped Iona's fate ;
Till, as the sun descended low,
Rising sublime in mighty woe,
His lofty form uplifted high,
Drawn clear against the glowing sky,
His white hair shining in the sun,
His death-song now the chief begun :

“Shades of my fathers ! woe and shame
Fall darkly on your race and name,
My hoary head they bow :
Oh, shame and woe ! ye mock my years,
These eyes weep not for coward fears,
That never wept till now.

“I may not sing of that proud day
When victory on your war-path lay,
Before the pale face came :

Your hunting-grounds then fill'd the land ;
Then might and power were in your hand,
And glory crowned your name.

“ The white man's toils are in our path,
And the Great Spirit frowns in wrath
Upon our council fires ;
Our forests fall, our streams are low,
We fade, we perish, e'er we go,
Our sun in night expires.

“ Great Spirit ! when descends the blow
Upon Iona, let me go
To lead my erring child
Safely along our pathway home ;
I see it now, I see it come,
Over the dreary wild.

“ Hark ! 'tis her spirit calls,” he said,
“ I come to meet thee with the dead ; ”
And plunging headlong from the rock,
In the same spirit-land he woke.

They laid them where the mosses creep,
Where night-dews on the dark pines weep ;
And then a requiem wild they sung
O'er the resting-place of old and young, —
The green tree fell'd in pride and power,
The blasted oak and the blighted flower.

Webster.

I.

NIGHT hover'd o'er Columbia's wide domain —
The night of trial, danger, and distress :
Dark clouds were lowering over hill and plain,
And mist o'erhung each vale's sweet loneliness.
The morn was near, but darkness none the less
Seem'd blotting out each struggling beam of light ;
Men hoped and fear'd, nor dared their fears confess,
And prophet there was none whose piercing sight
Could tell if day would break, or darker gloom the
night.

II.

'Twas then, that cradled 'mid the granite hills,
And nestled in a patriot's household band,
Lay one, whose name the niche of glory fills, —
On fame's proud summit evermore to stand.
The day indeed was breaking : o'er the land
The sun of freedom burst in splendor new ;
And, 'mid stern virtues rear'd, by glory fann'd,
Its strength inhaling with each breath he drew,
Firm as a mountain oak the youth to manhood grew.

III.

And now from height to height he strides amain,
While luminous with truth his pathway glows ;
Where others toil and strive to climb in vain
He stands in calm, magnificent repose.
When to the stars on fancy's wings he rose,
There seem'd his native element to be ;
And where the deepest undercurrent flows,
Down, down, in thought's unfathomable sea,
He gather'd gems and brought them to the sunlight
free.

IV.

The love of country, an undying flame,
Pure and exalted in his bosom burned ;
And unto *One* alone, — that sacred name, —
With higher love or deeper reverence turned.
Falsehood, and vice, and worldly lust he spurned, —
And these alone ; for man was brother, friend ;
O'er human suffering his bosom yearned ;
None e'er so low but he could lowlier bend, —
None e'er so high but higher still he could ascend.

V.

Watcher, defender, on our walls he stood,
And scann'd each tempest-cloud that rose afar ;
Our canvas spreading to each portent good, —
The favoring breeze, the light of genial star.

No sophistry so fine the truth to mar
But he could ravel out each subtle thread :
No plot so deep with human right at war
But he could trace the arrow whence it sped,
And almost wring the secret from the silent dead.

VI.

He spake, and listening senates learned the law,
Tracing each streamlet to its fountain source ;
The nations heard his words with wondering awe
Reverberate till their rocky shores were hoarse.
Anon, like swollen waters in their course,
Wave after wave his eloquence flows on,
Sublime, resistless in its mighty force,
Till stern hearts yield, by deep conviction won,
And error melts away like frost-work in the sun.

VII.

He stands upon the far-famed Plymouth rock,
And calls our fathers from their hoary graves :
Again the Mayflower stems the tempest shock,
And spirits of the Pilgrims ride the waves, —
For they are free, and never will be slaves.
And there they plant the tree of Liberty ;
And, while the Atlantic round Columbia raves,
He tells the Pilgrims' sons how they may see
Their country honor'd, blest, their children's children
free.

VIII.

He stands on Bunker Hill and lifts his voice,
Swaying as one the waving multitude, —
Holds high the balance of firm Freedom's choice, —
Tears up for sacrifice the first green sod, —
And gathers up afresh the warm life-blood
Upon its altar laid. Heroes are there, —
The living with the dead, where once they stood, —
Each breast a target for the bolts of war,
And Freedom's sons will long remember every scar.

IX.

But he has vanish'd from the walks of men,
And we shall hear his thrilling voice no more ;
Nor shall we e'er " behold his like again,"
Nor list from other lips such lofty lore.
No golden circlet on his brow he bore, —
Nor mailed armies waited on his nod ;
But from his burning eye there flash'd a power
Electric, though it lights not the cold sod,
Insensate, where he lies, — his spirit is with God.

X.

Oh, there is mourning now in all our gates,
On tower and temple wave the signs of woe ;
And that lone tomb in solemn silence waits
The long procession years on years shall show
Of pilgrims at that lowly shrine to bow.

'Tis meet a nation's tears should freely flow, —
Meet that our banner in the dust should trail ;
'Tis fitting, wheresoe'er our breezes blow,
Our flag should droop its folds, our stars should pale,
And mourning be for him whose loss we now bewail.

XI.

But while yon column meets the morning sun,
And on its summit lingers parting day,
His name is graven on each living stone,
And flashes luminous in every ray ;
And while the sun of Freedom bright shall play
Round Liberty's broad temple rear'd so high, —
And till its walls are crumbled into clay, —
And till its stars are blotted from the sky,
His name shall live, nor even in its ruin die.

Guardian Spirits.

“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation?” — *Hebrews i. 14.*

Do ye come in the hush of the twilight hour,
When the fire in the west grows dim,
Your footsteps thrilling our heartstrings o'er
Like some floating angel-hymn ?

When the moonbeam silvers the frosted pane,
When the night and the morning meet ?
Or the eaves are dripping with summer rain,
And the clover-bells are sweet ?

But come with the light of the spirit-land,
Wherever Time's shadow descends ;
It is blessed to lean on the unseen hand
Our heavenly Father sends.

Come with sweet thoughts from the world above,
Where Christ and the holy ones are ;
Oh, whisper some message from those we love !
Do they not remember us there ?

Could we catch one gleam of your shining hair,
One look in your sad, sweet eyes !
But we never may gaze on vision so fair
Till beyond the dark river we rise.

“ By your pillow at night, and your footsteps by day,
We watch you through good and through ill ;
In the dark hour of danger sow light in your way,
To shine on the narrow path still.

“ In joy and in sorrow, in weal and in woe,
On the desert, the mountain, the wave,
In your wanderings wide, wherever you go,
From the cradle-bed on to the grave.

“ So lovingly, tenderly, still by your side,
It is ours His love to express,
Who so loved the world that for sinners He died,
And His wounded hands ever would bless.

“ In this dark world of sin ye may see no gleams
Of our bright forms and radiant wings ;
Too fearful and sad earth's mystery seems,
Too deep is the shadow it flings.

“ We're watchers till time and eternity meet,
' We know not the day nor the hour ;'
But the dark shall be light at the judgment-seat,
And evil triumphant no more.”

TO ———.

“The grass withereth, the flower fadeth;
But the word of our God shall stand forever.”

So sang the prophet of the Lord
To Israel's weary, wandering race;
So frail is man, so firm His word,
In which our destiny we trace.

The flowers of time are fresh and fair,
But oh, how soon they fade away!
Our earth-born gems are rich and rare,
But even these will all decay.

And change is written on the skies,
And hovers o'er the summer hills;
Its murmur on the ocean lies,
Its shadow every valley fills.

It haunts us like a spectral shade,
When to our hearts some joy we clasp;
No Eden can its power evade,
No earthly good elude its grasp.

But, though on fading flowers we sleep,
And lift to waning stars our eyes ;
Our God his promises shall keep, —
His word remains though nature dies.

But even here, where all things show
The ruin in our nature wrought,
Some living streams of gladness flow,
Some airs with Eden's breath are fraught.

Though change may come on all I see,
And life seem cold, and dim, and gray,
Yet thou, my son, art dear to me
As when within my arms you lay.

The fondest prayer that o'er thee rose,
The dearest wish then breathed for thee,
Still brightly on love's altar glows,
And heavenward tends as earnestly.

The Last Good-Night.

ON the purple hills of even
Softest shadows seem'd to lie,
When her farewell look was given
To the radiant earth and sky,
Never more to meet her eye.

Solemn night, — and she is sleeping
Softly, sweetly, life away ;
Awful moments ! silent creeping,
Naught can bind or bid ye stay, —
We can only weep and pray.

Speak again ! the loved one waken !
We would catch that smile once more,
That, when lonely, sad, forsaken,
We may con it o'er and o'er,
Graven on our hearts' deep core.

On a Saviour's breast reposing,
She is crossing Jordan now ;
But, though coldly round her closing,
And its spray upon her brow
Not one wave shall overflow.

Midnight and the mists enfold her, —

Oh, but for these tear-dimm'd eyes,
Seems it not we might behold her,

Waking with a sweet surprise,
Drop the clay that cannot hold her
And with white-winged angels rise ?

Midnight here, — but from the fountains

Fed by uncreated light,
Flashes tip the morning mountains
Where they plume her for the flight,
Clad in robes of shining white.

The Life-Harp.

THERE is a harp whose strings are stirr'd
By the softest trembling sigh,
By the mantling blush, the whisper'd word,
Or the light of a kindling eye.

In the cradle, first, it feebly rung,
Where the infant lay at rest,
And sweetly thrill'd when the mother sung
To the babe upon her breast.

In childhood the notes were blithe and free
And they rose, in youthful prime,
To a wild, ecstatic minstrelsy,
That comes from a brighter clime.

So high the notes of joy or woe,
So deep is passion's strain,
We quail before their fearful flow,
And thrill with bliss or pain.

When the clouds with hate or anger swell,
Music in discord dies ;

But the tender pathos who can tell
Of Love's sweet symphonies ?

The songs of joy, alas, how few,
While sorrow flows amain ;
And love's sweet tones are oft untrue,
And hope's short-lived and vain.

Then touch the life-harp tenderly, —
Perchance so finely strung
That some frail chord untuned may be,
Which else had sweetly rung.

These trembling strings are never still,
Whate'er be lost or won ;
Misfortune's blast the breast may chill,
But the life-harp ringeth on,

Wondrous and wild, by night and day,
Till, dash'd on Time's dark shore,
The mystic music dies away,
And the song of life is o'er.

Ah, though the harp in ruin lies,
Though rent each silent string,
Its echo through the eternal skies
For evermore shall ring.

Sacramental Hymn.

COME and worship our Redeemer
At the table of his love ;
Come and taste in earthly temples,
Of the feast in that above.

Here, in little groups, we gather,
Garments soiled and hands defiled,
But we do remember Jesus,
And implore His mercy mild.

There, a host no man can number,
Harps in hand and raiment white,
Bow before the risen Saviour,
Crowned with majesty and might.

Some are there who trod the desert,
Some who by the cross did stand,
Saints and martyrs of all ages,
With a glorious infant band.

Here, with faint and trembling voices,
Feeble songs to Him we raise,
There, a shout of glory ! glory !
Fills high heaven with Jesus' praise.

"There shall be no more Sea."

Revelation xxi. 1.

YE tell me of a lovely land,*
By storied fame unsung,
Where rivers roll o'er golden sand,
And forests sway'd by breezes bland,
With garlands gay are hung.

Ye say that all is bright and fair
As earth and sky can be ;
But mournful seems its beauty rare,
For lov'd ones from our home are there, —
Between us rolls the sea.

Those skies may be of deeper blue,
The stars may brighter shine ;
But they will wear a sadder hue
When fondly ye the past review,
Alone, at memory's shrine.

And what is all this bright array
Or golden dust to me ?

* California.

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA."

The sunshine of the heart must pay,
While those I love are far away, —
Between us rolls the sea.

But oh, there is a land not far,
Though veil'd from human sight,
Whose glory time shall never mar ;
Nor setting sun, nor rising star,
Shall tell of coming night.

Those fields are green, forever fair,
And life's all-healing tree
Scatters its leaves upon the air,
Though some we love are gather'd there, —
Between us rolls no sea.

A little space, a narrow stream,
Alone between us lies ;
The mist shall vanish like a dream,
That makes the shore so distant seem,
And veils them from our eyes.

There parting tears shall never flow,
Nor sin nor sorrow be ;
No storm nor tempest shall we know
In "that bright world to which we go," —
"And there is no more sea."

Return.—To absent Children.

RETURN, return : the days are fraught
With sadness until ye return, —
A shadow hovering over thought,
Like clouds of incense o'er the urn.

The spring returns, the flowers come back,
The sweet south breeze blows soft again ;
And the wild-bird's wing hath worn a track
Across the wave to its native glen.

All things return : the sun has set
Beneath the lowering western skies,
Night deepens, darkness falls, and yet
In yonder East that sun shall rise.

I've seen the morning mist uproll'd
Along the green hill-sides like snow,
Till sunbeams flashed like flames of gold
On cloud and hill and vale below.

I see the setting moonbeams glance
On fields of snow, where fallen stars
Seem glittering, and set, perchance,
In beams of light, like silver bars.

But what are all these things to me,
If ye return not, but a gleam
Of mournful memories, where I see
Hope, beauty, vanish like a dream ?

At morn or even, still the same,
O'er all of loveliness or light,
Sublime or beautiful, there came
A mist to dim them in my sight.

Oh, sweet it is your names to hear,
Though oft th' unbidden tear will start ;
Your memory grows too fond and dear,
In all we love still bearing part.

Return, — and ye shall find the same
Green hills still cluster round your home ;
And the breeze that up the valley came
As fresh and sweet again will come.

As bright will be our sunset skies,
As gently twilight shadows fall ;
And the past again around us rise,
While we its thrilling scenes recall.

Then high our altar fires shall burn,
Whereon our holiest love we lay ;
And the day we greet your safe return
Shall well our former griefs repay.

On the Death of Mrs. C. D. H.

SINCE last yon setting sun arose
Above those hills of green and gold,
A star has set, whose radiant close
The years of time will ne'er unfold.

.

Fair spirit, in that glorious sphere,
This is thy birthday with the blest ;
This is the last of suffering here, —
The first of an eternal rest, —

Thy new year in a land of light,
Beyond the reach of mortal fear :
What visions meet thy raptured sight !
What music bursts upon thine ear !

Sweet were thy songs while here below,
But sweeter far where thou art gone ;
Oh, never more a note of woe
Will sadden their triumphal tone.

Though here thy path was strewed with flowers,
Yet, while the dew-drops on them lay,
Thine eye had caught the fadeless bowers
That lie beyond the narrow way.

Threescore Years.

To one who gained my heart and hand,
To whom my life for life was given,—
One, by whose side on earth I stand,
By whom I hope to stand in heaven.

THAT stately form and manly brow,
The clear gray eye imbued with thought,
An intellect as lofty, show
With philosophic interest fraught.

Commanding, dignified, and firm,
With native eloquence endowed,
And patriotic fervor warm
That to corruption never bowed.

Age hath not stamped its signet yet,
Nor bowed with feebleness that form ;
But the mountain pine, though firmly set,
Must yield its glory to the storm.

The silvery threads are shining now
Amid those ebon locks of thine ;
And on thy cheek and on thy brow
Is pencil'd many a thoughtful line.

Life's morning sun our shadows blent,
When all the streams to eastward run ;
Lo, now the river's course is bent
To swell the tide of setting sun.

Yon sunny hills we quickly pass'd
And stood upon the midland height ;
Henceforth our shadows, backward cast,
Will lengthen till they blend in night.

Together we this path have trod,
In joy and sorrow, hope and fear, —
Through changing scenes and seasons stood
By the same cradle, font, and bier.

The olive plants around our board
Have blossom'd into summer bloom ;
Oh, may the promise they afford
Ripen rich fruit to deck our tomb.

Some drooped, 'tis true, at morning tide,
And were transplanted to the skies ;
And some, alas, may ill abide
The blasting winds that round us rise.

Ah, few who left with us the bowers
Of childhood, linger on the way :
Some fell to sleep among the flowers,
And some on lonely hill-sides lay.

Perchance a few more suns may set,
A few more moons may wax and wane,
When we who journey onward yet,
Shall close our part in life's refrain.

And, as thy westering sun declines,
Oh, may its light so purely glow
That, while thy pathway it defines,
With steps unwavering thou shalt go.

And I will lift my prayer to Him
Who listens to each humble cry,
To fill with blessings, to the brim,
Thy cup on earth, thy crown on high.

Angels' Ministry.

TIME hath been when angels holy
Walked among the sons of men,
Cheering on the pure and lowly,
Calling wanderers back again.

Not in bowers of Eden only,
Folded they their shining wings,
In those pathways sweet and lonely
To commune of wondrous things.

Childhood, youth, and patriarch hoary,
Oft their aid and guidance won ;
And when marshall'd Israel's glory
'Twas an angel led them on.

All along the olden ages
They have ministered to man ;
And, when closed the sacred pages,
Onward still their mission ran.

Is our world more dark and dreary ?
Are we farther off from God ?
Or have angel wings grown weary,
Till they drooped along the road ?

No : our world is growing glorious ;
God and heaven seem nearer now,
Since Immanuel victorious
Left His footprints here below.

Though unseen, they round us hover
Each lone wanderer to restore ;
Still intent to serve Him ever,
Here they fold their wings no more.

All that's true and good befriended,
Evil cured or overcome,
Till with joy, their mission ended,
They convey the ransomed home.

The Harvest Month.

BEAUTIFUL month of the waning year,
Ere the sun grows dim or the leaves are sere,
In glory and gloom thou comest arrayed,
The brightest, the fairest, the soonest to fade.
Abroad on the mountains thy banner is spread,
Whence summer hath silently, mournfully fled,
And left her rich stores to thy liberal hand
To scatter in bounty all over the land.

Thy shield is the broad, red harvest moon,
Suspended so long over night's soft noon ;
While watch-fires are burning on many a bough,
To light up the laurels that circle thy brow.
Thou bindest thy zone with the shining sheaves,
And twinest gay garlands of golden leaves
Anon to bestrew, in rustling gloom,
The flowers befitting the silent tomb.

Beautiful month ! thy wizard wing
On the landscape wide doth lustre fling ;
Thy breath sweeps o'er, and the woods unfold
A realm all blazon'd with green and gold.

Like rainbow ripples the forests sway
To melt on the purple hills away,
Or roll along on the mountain side,
Where shadowy vales the waves divide,
Like eddies that darken life's sunniest tide.

'Twas thine on my natal day to shine :
My welcoming hymn to life was thine ;
No lark sprang up from his grassy nest,
No carol of summer birds broke my rest ;
For the song was hush'd in the sylvan bowers,
And faded the fragrant spring-time flowers ;
But then, as now, on a grand array,
My spirit awoke that far-off day.

Beautiful month ! thy leaves ere now
Lay folded on winter's frozen bough,
Then burst their buds, in sweet spring-time,
And shook over summer their banner'd prime :
But the frost-king came with his icy breath,
Whose lip is bright, but his kiss is death ;
And the hectic bloom of thy beauty tells
The rapid work of his fatal spells.

Oh, many a spring shall come for thee,
With its dancing leaves and songs of glee ;
And many a summer with spring shall vie,
Gathering bloom on thy bosom to die.

But there shall come a glorious spring
Which unto thee no flowers shall bring ;
For, above the clouds and above the skies,
Is a world where the beautiful never dies.

Beautiful month ! could I, like thee,
Summon up glory from all things free,
With love's pale flowers I'd twine a wreath
Whose hues should brighten, like thine, in death :
Then would I bind it round the year,
Enclosing all I hold most dear,
Never to wither, or fade, or decay,
Till the loved and the loving have passed away.

They are passing now : Time's rushing wings
Ever some darkening shadow flings :
Those days of song will soon be o'er, —
Perchance to some they return no more.
O God ! be our stay in the time of grief,
For we all do fade like the autumn leaf ;
And the sun grows dim, and thy leaves are sere,
Beautiful month of the waning year.

Santa Claus Visiting a Young Married Daughter.

A NICE little library, — well, this is rare !
And dusted till everything shines :
I confess I am pleased to find things as they are.
I've been over the house, and everywhere
See signs of neatness, order, and care,
That may with the best very well compare.
This —— is a “lucky dog,” now, I declare !
I wish I'd a little more time to spare :
Here's pen, ink, and paper, — I'll sit in his chair
And write him a few brief lines.

Dear —— : A year ago, I had finished my round
And rested a day or two,
When a package came in, which I quickly unwound ;
And rummaging over, to see all was sound,
Behold, in a corner, all nice and new bound,
“ Heaven's last, best gift to man ” I found,
And sent it straightway to you.

You mustn't expect such a present again, —
'Twas surely a splendid affair ;

According to my taste not one in ten,
Indeed, I may say, only now and then,
Such a gude wife is found by the very best men, —
And I know them everywhere.

When you stood at the altar with her by your side
And uttered a mutual vow,
She to honor, and you to provide,
Your heart was swelling with joy and pride,
Or your looks and words your feelings belied,
And you almost worshipped your fair young bride :
I presume you continue to now.

I trust you were suitably thankful to me,
And cherished and loved her always ;
So, feeling an interest, called just to see
How prosperous conjugal matters might be, —
For two when made one do not always agree,
And then there's the mischief to pay.

I know she's a fondness for everything nice,
(And like her the better, — don't you ?)
But should it degenerate into a vice,
And she empties your pack regardless of price,
(I feared she would mine,) just take my advice,
And cut off supplies and smiles in a trice ;
Or before you can say "Jack Robinson" twice
She may empty your pockets too.

A word to the wise, — for I must away, —

I've made you a very long call ;

But one thing more I should like to say :

If she's given to gadding, or wine, or play,

Just put down your foot that she must obey,

Or you never will conquer until you are gray :

(I've known her mother, excuse me, I pray.)

Good-bye ! I have not a moment to stay :

Here's a few trifling presents you'll find when it's
day, —

And a "Merry Christmas" to all.

To a Bridegroom.

OH, lovingly, so lovingly,
Deal ever with thy gentle bride,
And wipe the tears so tenderly
That she, perchance, may seek to hide.

Deep is the fount of woman's love,
Hard by the springs of spirit-life ;
Even so let the devotion prove
Of mother, daughter, sister, wife.

The ties that bind to home and friends,
The loves of childhood and of youth,
Deem sacred as the light that lends
Its charm to innocence and truth.

When dreams at eve come o'er the sea,
Or in the twilight of your home,
May thoughts of all she left for thee
With thine own fondest memories come.

Pleasant, yet solemn, is the thought,
That ye two henceforth shall be one ;

Two streams, with life's deep mysteries fraught,
Thus in one charmed channel run.

Through sunny borders may it pass,
With fairest flowers and verdure crowned,
Like rippling rills through bending grass,
With low sweet music murmuring round.

As thou hast ever been to me
A loving son, a faithful friend,
So fond and faithful thou wilt be
To one in whom all ties shall blend.

I will not think to lose the place
I ever held within thy heart ;
For love can many an image trace,
And its own hue to each impart.

Now unto both a fond farewell :
A path untrod before you lies ;
But love shall be a sacred spell
To draw down blessings from the skies.

And one more to the list is given
Of names inscribed upon my heart,
Thence nightly to ascend to heaven
Its richest blessings to impart.

Rise, Sons of the Free.

RISE, sons of the free ! set your standard on high ;
In its folds are the "hidings of power ;"
And watch for the morning whose dawn draweth nigh :
There are sounds in the air and signs in the sky
Of wonders, awaiting the hour.
Columbia, forever !
We'll watch for thee,
As the mariner waiteth
For morn on the sea.

Oh, where is the foe for thy children to fear ?
Oh, where is the hand to betray ?
While fair as the moon, as the sunshine clear,
In terrible majesty thou shalt appear,
With banners in battle array.
Columbia, forever !
Thy name shall be
A tower of strength
For the sons of the free.

Now pledge we our hearts and hands unto thee ;
With life-blood thy name we'll defend ;

On the burning sand, or the frozen sea,
For thee, before heaven, we'll bend the knee, —

For thee our prayers shall ascend.

Columbia, forever !

Our hearts beat high

For thine honor to live,

Or, defending it, die.

God save thee from sorrow, and sin, and shame ;

God save thee from treason's dark hour ;

May the stars ever shine that encircle thy name,

Peace dwell in thy borders while ages proclaim

Thy dominion, and might, and power.

Columbia, forever !

The Lord be thy shield

On the green plains of peace,

Or the red battle-field.

After Parting.

ONE more farewell has been spoken :
Distance now between us lies :
And the sunbeams, shadow-broken,
Point to where the blue waves rise, —

Waves that soon thy sight shall sever
From the scenes thy childhood knew,
Where the star and rainbow never
Fell or faded from the blue.

Life's a journey sorrow-shaded,
Even in its morning pride ;
Ere we pluck the flowers they're faded,
Ere we rest 'tis even-tide.

Change and parting, sad and lonely,
Here we've no abiding place ;
Like the ripple pass we only,
Leaving on the sands a trace.

Pass we swift with wingéd hours,
Though our burdens seem not light ;
And if earth were strown with flowers,
We could tarry but a night.

Yet this life, though changing, fleeting,
Many a blessing hath in store ;
For each parting there's a meeting,
Here or on a happier shore.

Let us then, each dark hour cheering,
Onward press, courageous, true,
All the way with love endearing,
God above and heaven in view.

Life's strong lines of love and duty,
When divergent, harsh may seem ;
But when blent, harmonious beauty
Ripples o'er its changeful stream.

Oh, my son, where'er you wander,
God be there to guide and bless ;
Love can change not, but grow fonder, —
Never fainter, never less.

One more farewell now I tender,
As the shore recedes from view ;
Distance may forever sunder,
But my spirit is with you.

Bear it on across the billow
To the shore familiar grown ;
Let it watch beside thy pillow,
Let it wander with thine own.

Let it join the gladsome greeting
With the dear ones o'er the main ;
Half my heart is with them waiting,
Till we here may meet again.

The Young Mother.

WAKE, mother, wake ! the New Year's morn
Steals softly o'er thy slumber now ;
But sweeter smiles thy lips adorn,
And holier light than e'er was born
Of earth, adorns thy brow.

Oh, fond young mother, hopes once thine
Now cluster round that baby brow ;
What gems of joy shall love refine, —
What rosy-wreaths around her twine, —
Thyself forgotten now.

Sleep on, sweet mother, while you may,
Thy new-found treasure by thy side ;
For morn shall usher many a day
When care shall banish sleep away,
And fear and sorrow bide.

Wake, mother, wake ! for unto thee
A gem of priceless worth is given ;
Gaze in those earnest eyes and see
That spark of immortality,
New-lighted, — sent from heaven.

Clasp those soft fingers firm in thine,
And gather, as ye journey on,
Fresh buds of dewy morn, to twine
With noontide flowers, round many a shrine,
Near to the setting sun.

And ere those little feet can tread
The flowery paths that lead astray,
Point where the babe of Bethlehem led,
And on the narrow pathway shed
The light of endless day.

Fear not, though frail ; for mighty power
Is given to a mother's love :
Though falling soft as summer's shower,
Yet night and day, from hour to hour,
Resistless it shall prove.

But oh, how weak this love of thine
To His who once was crucified !
Then on thy heart this child enshrine, —
An offering meet for love divine,
To Him, the glorified.

Sleep, mother, sleep ! thou'rt not alone :
Some guardian angel watch doth keep,
Commission'd by the mighty One ;
And, while his wing is o'er thee thrown,
In peace awake, or sleep.

TO ———.

'Tis January, cold and bright,
Stern winter's citadel of might :
Here hath he rais'd his icy throne,
And donn'd his star-bespangled crown.

The sunbeams glance o'er snow-clad plains,
Whose waters, bound in crystal chains,
Go murmuring on their way ;
While lowly bush and lofty pine,
Deck'd out as for a fairy shrine,
Are glistening in the day.

The forest vast, of old renown,
Has laid its leafy laurels down,
And shook its branches bare ;
But monarch on the proudest throne
Ne'er put so bright a circlet on
As every sapling there.

And you are sons of winter wild ;
Your birthright blends the pure and free ;
Your garments must be undefiled ;
Lofty as light your aims must be.

Yes, let me say it must be so,
And good the augury shall be,
Upon life's mingled web to throw
Some light, foretelling destiny.

Not the astrology of yore,
Celestial chart or starry sign :
A mother's heart hath richer lore,
A mother's love may well divine.

My charm shall be with winter fraught,
And perfum'd by the north wind's breath, —
The net-work of the sky inwrought,
Light limn'd in darkness, life in death ;
And by the spell I weave for you,
I charge ye to its light be true.

The feathery snow-flake in its fall
Shall thoughts of purity recall,
And the frost's light tracery show
How slight materials forge a chain
A Titan may not rend in twain :
And thus will habits grow.

The fireside and the genial blaze
Shall pity for the suffering raise, —
Envy and hate disarm ;
The north wind's breath shall give thee might
To battle bravely for the right :
And so shall work my charm.

And when the storm is rising high,
Then lift to heaven a trusting eye,
And lay your burdens down ;
Like the traveller in sight of home,
Press on, and you shall overcome,
And win a glorious crown.

Oft, towards the shining hosts of even,
A ladder points from earth to heaven,
On which you may ascend ;
Perchance, to leave the crystal stairs
With some kind angel unawares,
Your footsteps to attend.

Oh, may the winter of your days
Be like the sun's last mellow rays
On the glittering earth and sky ;
Your peace, like ice-bound rivers flow,
Calm and serene, though tempests blow,
And a purer robe than thrice-fann'd snow
Be given you from on high.

The Garden of the Heart.

I HAVE a mystic garden
Where 'tis spring-time all the year ;
Where the dews are ever falling,
And the leaves are never sere.
And oh, so dear is everything
Within its walls to me,
I'd part with all this world can bring
For each of these, and thee.

The spot it seems so sacred,
So secluded from the world,
As if the skies above it
Were never there unfurl'd.
The sun, that o'er a thousand hills
Doth light and heat impart,
Is not the same whose radiance fills
The garden of the heart.

A fountain there is playing
Whose springs are never dry ;
'Tis purer than earth's waters,
For its source is in the sky.

Tempests may beat about the wall,
And wintry winds may blow ;
But the light within will brighter fall,
And the fountain fresher flow.

The precious Plants there nurtur'd
Were by my Father given ;
And ever, as I watch'd them,
At morning, noon, or even,
I might have known He watch'd them, too,
With more than human love,
And sent sweet influences, like dew,
Down from His home above.

The Oak, the Ash, the Fir-tree,
The Elm and Maple, too,
Sprung up so fair and graceful,
And in my garden grew ;
Protected still by Him who gave,
Now, high above my head,
I see their spreading branches wave,
And glory in their shade.

And flowers were there to beautify,
And make my borders gay ;
A Rose that blush'd like sunset,
And a Lily sweet as May.
I had a Morning-glory, too,
But it faded in an hour ;

And cherubs bore it, wet with dew,
To grace their own sweet bower.

A white Rose once so fondly
Twin'd round the Oaken tree,
Which shelter'd and sustain'd it
Most true and tenderly ;
But a blight was on it, day by day
It faded, till afar
On autumn winds 'twas borne away
Where angel-gardens are.

The Olive and the Cedar
Are in my garden now ;
Strength dwelleth in the cedar,
Peace in the olive-bough.
And other flowers are gathered there,
So beautiful and bright,
I dream of naught more sweet and fair,
Save in the land of light.

Far be the days of sorrow
That shall with power prevail,
To scatter leaf and blossom
Upon the wintry gale.
And when, in years that soon will flee,
These walls in ruin lie,
May the fadeless flower, the living tree,
And all within my garden, be
Transplanted to the sky.

Ninety Years Old.

DEAR mother, worn and weary now,
Calm be thy rest at even-tide,
Where deep and still the waters flow,
Nearing the ocean vast and wide.

The morning fields are far away,
Where childhood left its footprints light,
And the sunny hills seem dim and gray,
That youthful memories paint so bright.

Those silvery locks were waving bright,
And burnished like the raven's plume ;
No maiden's eye flashed purer light,
No maiden's cheek wore richer bloom.

A form and elegance of mien
That grace and dignity bestow ;
Meet channels these, where many a stream
Of life's sweet sympathies may flow.

Lovely and noble traits were there,
Self-sacrificing, true, and kind ;
The wife's devotion, mother's care,
By faith and love to God refined.

But scattered all along the ground
Are hopes that once were towering high ;
And there is many a grassy mound
Where fond affections buried lie.

Where childhood's sunny hours flew past
Thy mother's lowly bed was made ;
And where thy youthful lot was cast
Thy father in the churchyard laid.

He who should slumber at thy side
Sleeps by the Merrimac's bright wave ;
And many a time thy heart hath died
Within thee o'er some loved one's grave.

But, though thine eyes be dim with tears,
Canst thou not see a heavenly hand,
That strengthened thee so many years,
And led thee through this weary land?

Though many a pang our follies cost,
And fear and sorrow have been thine,
Yet not one prayer or tear is lost,
Laid on a pitying Saviour's shrine.

I bless thee, mother, for the care
That never faltered on the way, —
That taught my infant lips the prayer,
And offers thine for me each day.

I bless thee for the love untold,
Whose fountains never ceased to play ;
Whose depths have never yet grown cold,
Whose streams have gladdened all my way.

Dear mother, thou art almost home,
Thy Father's house almost in sight ;
And from its towers, through all the gloom,
Come rays reflecting heaven's own light.

Some of our number wait us there, —
Those grassy mounds are sunken low ;
And what has earth of good or fair
To tempt our feet to linger so ?

God bless thee, mother, and bestow
Sweet peace on all thy days to come ;
And gently may the waters flow,
That bear thee to a heavenly home.

The Comet of 1858.

A HERALD in the north appears,
With serried ranks of shining ones,
Whose trailing splendor through the spheres
Perchance swept over Time's young years,
And Earth's first gallant sons.

Moving in silent majesty,
We list in vain thy voice to hear ;
Night unto night doth speak of thee,
But naught unveils the mystery
That clothes thy brow with fear.

Far as the east is from the west,
Beyond our thought of bound and space,
Thou speedest on thy high behest,
Nor knowest aught of stay or rest
In all thy glorious race.

Roll on, roll on thy fiery car,
Like Israel's chariot of old ;
Thou canst not fly so fast nor far
But His right hand who guides each star
On high the reins shall hold.

When the morning stars together sung
Over this new-created earth,
Wast thou in those fair skies first hung,
Or through thine outmost orbit flung,
To celebrate its birth ?

Where sleeps the race who first beheld
Thy glowing front and glittering train ?
Where wind hath swept or wild wave swelled,
Their dust is with the graves of eld,
Scattered like summer rain.

And years may come, and years may go,
And bear away the sons of men ;
Time's tottering walls may crumble low,
And ages shake their locks of snow,
Ere thou wilt come again.

The angel, standing in the sun,
May call to earth's great sacrifice,
Until its streams all red shall run,
And thou from thy fixed throne look on
While faltering nature dies.

Or, if thy wings of light should tire
And fail in some far distant skies,
So shall our heavens and earth expire ;
But from the ashes of their fire
New heavens and earth shall rise.

Now, fare thee well! — we meet no more, —

Too strait for thine unnumbered years

The confines of Time's narrow shore ;

Thy path is on the starlit floor,

Thy song is with the spheres.

Harold's Dream:

WHAT IS, AND WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"To-morrow I shall be twenty-one,"
Young Harold said: "yon setting sun,
When next it lights these grim gray walls,
Shall see me lord of my father's halls."
Then followed a shout from his comrades gay, —
"A fair good-night and a fairer day;
With horse and hound we'll meet you here,
With the rising sun and a rousing cheer."

From his casement Harold looked forth that night
On lawns that shimmer'd in dewy light,
And fountains reflecting the full high moon
That marshals the stars through the skies of June.
"My broad, bright lands, ye are fair to see;
Thrice welcome now that I am free;
Enough of musty old volumes of yore,
Of law and logic; there's daintier lore
In the realm of pleasure for me.
'Tis well: my coffers are brimming o'er, —
Thanks to my guardian's stint and care.
Well meant, no doubt; but I can spare
The stern advice and counsel sage
Of wisdom watching the youthful age."

His eye was met by a quivering glance
As the shaft fell off from his grandsire's lance.
"What! does it point that way for me?
Enough in my veins there yet may be
Of Sir Walter's olden chivalry."
He raised his eye to a picture fair,
Where moonbeams, glowing in golden hair,
Had woven a crown of holy light,
Circling a brow of snowy white.

"Mother, thou seemest to look on me,
With those dear eyes, imploringly;
As if some evil I had done,
Or harm was pending o'er thy son.
The day I do remember well
They said my noble father fell;
And shall I e'er forget the gloom
That closed above thine early tomb?
Oh, mother! would thou hadst not died,
And left thy child without a guide:
But son of thine shall never shame
The glory of my father's fame.

"The clock strikes twelve in the old gray tower,
And ushers in the mystic hour
When spirits good and spirits ill
Hover around with wings so chill:
Our fears and fancies fill the night
With phantoms fading in morning light.

The hour-glass blazoned upon our crest,
Speaks but of watching, and not of rest :
That suits my mood, if I read it right :
I'll test this legend's truth to-night.
'Tis said a seer of ancient time
Chased on the metal this uncouth rhyme :
' Before you arm for liberty,
Look well to the ways of destiny ;
And when the midnight bell strikes one
Watch the bright sands through the hour-glass run,
And there two pathways you shall see, —
What might have been, and what will be.' ”

His head, while resting on his hand,
Grew weary, watching the shining sand,
That seem'd like the ceaseless flow of time,
Till it rippled away in a dreamy chime.
A thin, white vapor went and came,
Like that which flits in smoke and flame ;
Then, slow dissolving, cleared away,
And a sleeping infant before him lay,
With two to watch, and one to pray.

I said that two were watching there ;
And both to him seemed passing fair :
The one, just tinged with human pride,
The other was like, but glorified.
One o'er him bent with a glistening eye,
Searching the dim futurity ;

And she sung a low, sweet lullaby, —
The same his childhood loved to hear, —
Melting away on his dreaming ear.
The other had wings of pearly white,
That well might seem a line of light ;
And floating near, as in a mist,
Attentive bent each word to list.

The infant becomes a boy at play,
And they both still watch him, night and day ;
Often he sits on his mother's knee,
In sorrow and pain, in mirth and glee,
Blest in her ready sympathy :
Her face is pale, — and while she sings,
Harold thinks of the angel wings ;
But the boy seems ever free from fear,
Nor heeds the angel hovering near.

A change hath come o'er the scene so fair :
The mother is gone, with her golden hair ;
And eyes that shone in love's pure light,
Like the holy stars of Christmas night.
The boy, advancing year by year,
Sees life's two paths before him clear ;
But wavering oft, he leaves the right,
Choosing darkness rather than light.
His angel guide, to him unseen,
Still strives to keep his garments clean ;
But the light on her brow grows dim
When guilt's dark shadow rests on him.

Harold awoke, as from a dream ;
The sands still run a tiny stream ;
He had lived life over ; in one short hour
Retraced the paths he trod before.
One, pleasant at first, but ending in night ;
And one, leading straight to the realms of light.
Then whispered a still small voice within, —
“ Remember what is, and what might have been.”
“ Mother,” he said, — and the face did seem
The same the angel wore in the dream, —
“ Not far from the right as yet I stray ;
Thither I'll turn without delay :
But ere the dawn I would like to see
Not what has been, but what will be.”

He turns the time-worn glass once more,
And slowly reads the legend o'er :
“ I thought not this would stir me so ;
What is to be will come, I trow,
Whether its shadow is seen or no.
This arm is strong, and firm my will ;
Shall I not test life's good and ill ?
I'll watch no more, and bide my time,
Despite this old, unmeaning rhyme.”

He thought he sprang from his couch at morn,
Roused by the sound of the hunter's horn, —
The lord and master of all around
Seeming to stand on enchanted ground.

There were cheers and shouts from the merry crowd,
And the green-wood rang to the merry sport ;
There was feasting high, and the songs were loud,
And wild were the games in the castle court.
Oh, never a time for thought had he,
As the days went round in revelry ;
And music, wine, and wassail at night,
Banished the dream, with its waning light.

Weeks follow on, and months the same ;
Years but deepen the folly and shame ;
Ever his course seems downward bent,
Though strewed with many a sad lament.
He travels in foreign lands afar ;
Joins in the shouts and spoils of war ;
Tries every path on pleasure's ground,
Till each becomes a wearisome round.

But oft, as to an inward sight,
Appears that path of living light :
'Tis pictured on the sunset cloud,
And on the morning's misty shroud ;
Sometimes along the placid stream,
Or flashing o'er his midnight dream.
A second self seems walking there
With steadfast step and lofty air,
Standing ever where he had stood ;
But still he loved the downward road, —
Down, down where hope or wish to win

A purer life seems lost in sin.
At length, grown old in manhood's prime, —
Fleeing pursuit from clime to clime, —
His heart sends up the bitter cry,
On his mother's grave to kneel and die.

A weary waste of years is past ;
In childhood's home he stands at last ;
Decay, with stealthy tread, is there,
Creaking around each door and stair ;
Dust on the oriel window-pane
Bedims and darkens the richest stain ;
But the decay that time has wrought
Seems with his own wild ruin fraught.
"Now shield me well, ye ruin'd walls,
A wretch in ruin on you calls ;
Mock not the wild words of despair,
Nor echo back my fruitless prayer.
Where is my childhood and my youth ?
Give back my honor, love, and truth.
Where are those aspirations high
That swell'd my breast and fired my eye ?
Where is the ringing laugh of joy
Ye echoed here when I was a boy ?
Lo, from the soul's dead sea they rise,
Like ghosts from Sodom's sacrifice."

Now does his heart retrace the years,
Opening a fount of genial tears,

That fall like summer's gentle rain
Upon the arid desert plain,
Where scented herb and blooming flower
Had perished long, long years before.
Soothed and relieved, he lifts his eyes, —
"I see the path again," he cries :
"Again an angel form I see, —
That look once bless'd my infancy.
Oh, hear me, listen to my prayer !
Canst thou not lead me safely there ?"

'Twas well : that shout from the court below
Arrested the dream in its fearful flow ;
For the realm of sleep hath mighty power
With life-long woe to fill the hour.
The bright path fades in the morning light,
The angel wings, in the drapery white,
Around his mother's form are flung,
In the picture fair that over him hung.
Harold arose with a chasten'd heart,
Praying the angel not to depart ;
And when he went forth that festal morn,
At the merry call of the hunter's horn,
The seal was set of a purpose high ;
On lip and brow, and in his eye,
Was the light of hopes that purify.

Now, on through danger, sorrow, and strife, —
The woe, the bliss of human life, —

With steadfast heart he keeps the way
That brighter shines to the perfect day.
And when the pearly wings do seem
To flash with light, — as in his dream, —
He warns the wanderer, in his sin,
“Remember what is, and what might have been.”

Mount Vernon.*

MOUNT VERNON, the day of thy mourning is o'er,
The cloud in thy sky is passing away ;
The home of the chieftain our love shall restore, —
A nation is hasting its tribute to pay.

Lift up your bowed heads : too long have ye wept,
Sad willows that wave o'er the tomb where he lies ;
And years watched in vain, till the green mosses crept
Where the proudest memorial of man shall arise.

But Columbia hath daughters to honor him yet,
Who from his own laurels a wreath shall entwine
Round his name, the brightest that Time ever set
On the breastplate of ages, immortal to shine.

Her sons, ever proud of their patriot sire,
From the tablets of Time such stain shall efface ;
Their spirits leap high, like electrical fire,
To rescue from ruin his last resting-place.

And Columbia hath sons who are worthy to raise
A monument fitting his deeds and his fame ;
An EVERETT aspires to write WASHINGTON's praise,
So high above all on the scroll is his name.

* Written in aid of the Mount Vernon Fund.

That name shall be dear to each patriot true,
Through the ages now waiting our birthright to
claim;
And as we our fealty would fondly renew,
Let each lay a stone on the hill of his fame.

Let us build till his counsels prevail in the land,
Till his spirit bear sway, and the top-stone secure,
Like pillars of adamant ever to stand, —
The stronghold of freedom, while time shall endure.

A Little While.

A LITTLE while, and yonder sun
Will set to rise on me no more ;
Life's journey past, its labor done,
Its trial, joy, and sorrow o'er.

What have I done I would recall ?
What left undone I now can do ?
That fearful hour I would forestall
When all my life I must review.

A little while, and those most dear
Will fold their hands in lasting sleep ;
Their graves may witness many a tear,
But they no more will smile or weep.

Should I behold some loved one lie
With calm, cold brow and changeless cheek,
Death's seal upon the loving eye,
And lips that never more will speak, —

How could I bear the weight of grief,
If look, or thought, or word of mine,
With pain had marr'd a life so brief,
Or dimm'd one ray of light divine ?

The Two Caskets.

I HAVE two caskets, wrought with care,
And made most precious things to hold ;
Things that fond memory shall wear
Instead of gems or finest gold.

In one, a little form is laid,
Of such pure symmetry and grace,
No chisel e'er the like portray'd,
No pencil can such beauty trace.

Dimples that used to come and go
From those fair rounded cheeks, are gone ;
And eyes so wont with mirth to glow,
Long silken fringes now press down.

But over lip, and eye, and brow,
Such sweet unearthly radiance spread,
It seem'd the soft reflected glow
Of glory on the spirit shed.

The other holds a picture fair, —
Pale, faded flowers, — a little key, —
Some shining rings of silken hair ;
All that my Gertie left to me.

An empty crib beside it stands ;
Some tiny shoes, the last she wore ;
Ah, me ! to Heaven I lift my hands
When I can bear the sight no more.

These treasures mine, I watch with care,
Though deep the founts of grief they wake ;
But when I see them unaware,
I almost feel my heartstrings break.

The first is locked for aye and aye ;
The key is mine, that little key ;
Yet, till the great reviving day,
That treasure I no more shall see.

I know my darling is in heaven ;
But in that little casket lies
The beauteous form to me first given,
And that which shall in glory rise.

My buried treasure ! — angels keep
Thee safe till time shall pass away ;
There, too, may I in safety sleep
Until the morn of endless day.

Little Johnnie.

Two caskets now the angels keep ;
By Gertie's side, beneath the snow,
We laid our darling down to sleep,
And we have two in heaven now.

Two little keys, instead of one,
Are shrined with our most sacred things :
And fair locks, golden in the sun,
Lay folded by those dark brown rings.

Pale flowers are there, once white as snow,
With memories, oh, so sad and sweet,
Of my dear babes, — though angels now,
Mine still, and mine when we shall meet.

We miss thee, Johnnie, everywhere ;
And when we pass the opening door,
We miss that gleam of golden hair
Among the playthings on the floor.

We cannot lay these toys away ;
We almost think to see thee come
And scatter them around in play,
And fill with shouts the silent room.

Oh, for the sound of those dear feet
 To cheer again our hearts with joy ;
Oh, for that smile, so sunny sweet,
 On thy dear face, my angel boy !

But heaven grows brighter, brighter still,
 For those we miss so here below ;
And little feet, on Zion's Hill,
 May run to meet us when we go.

And heaven seems near, our happy home, —
 'Tis but a step beyond the stars ;
Dear hands are beckoning us to come,
 Sweet eyes look through the window bars.

Beloved ones now are gathered there ;
 We mourn, but call you not again ;
For heaven is all too bright and fair,
 And earth too sad with sin and pain.

A National Song.

A SONG for Columbia, — home of the free !

For the land that we love evermore !

And deep let it be, like the sound of the sea,

When it breaks on her beautiful shore.

There are spirits at hand, of the patriot band,

Who sleep with the glorious dead :

They are gone, they are gone, but their work moves on,

With a mighty, majestic tread.

Then hail, fair Columbia, Queen of the West !

And hail to thy banner so bright !

The eagle thy crest, and the stars on thy breast,

March on in thy pathway of light !

Our fathers kindled a beacon light

With a torch in their own right hand,

Which flashed on the sight through the dark mid-
night, —

'Twas Freedom's flaming brand.

From Northern pines to the tangled vines

Of Florida, the light spread o'er ;

From the rising sun till the day was done,

On the far Pacific shore.

Then hail, etc.

Here's a home for the stranger, the weary one's rest,
With a welcome as free as the air :
And here the opprest shall come as a guest
In Columbia's blessings to share.
O name ever dear to the patriot's ear !
We pledge thee each patriot's hand ;
To the rescue we'll fly, for thine honor we'll die, —
Till we fall, by thy flag we will stand.
Then hail, etc.

The noon of thy glory hath not passed by,
Nor yet is thy summer in prime :
The sun may not die in the morning sky,
Nor thou in thy morning time.
The days that are gone, are the dim early dawn
To the brightness and splendor to come,
When the might of right, in a holier light,
Shall dispel the o'ershadowing gloom.
Then hail, etc.

Soar aloft, proud eagle, still nearer the sun,
With an eye undimmed by its ray :
The race is not run, the goal is not won,
While meteors lead us astray.
O God of the free ! our trust is in thee ;
May wisdom and virtue be given
By thy counsels to stand, till the purified land
Shall reflect the bright hues of heaven.
Then hail, etc.

H y m n :

SUNG AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. ———.

FAREWELL, — thy path is glorious now,
Life's journey safely o'er ;
Till we have pass'd o'er Jordan too,
We part to meet no more.

We mourn, — but tears are not for thee ;
Thy pilgrim staff laid down,
Thy work is done, and thou art free
To claim the promis'd crown.

Thy children rise and call thee bless'd ;
And trembling lips shall raise,
Above thy calm and peaceful rest,
A monument of praise.

And praise and glory be to Him
Whose grace was all thy trust ;
Although with tears our eyes are dim,
We bless Him o'er thy dust.

Farewell, dear friend ! thy path of light
Shall cheer us on our way,
Till all the dangers of the night
Are lost in endless day.

Not in the Vale.

THOUGH in the flowery meadows
No pilgrim long should stray,
In the gloomy vale of shadows
Life should not pass away :

Where the clouds so thickly gather,
And so soon the daylight dies,
That we cannot see our Father
Smiling on us from the skies.

Up, pilgrim, to the mountains ;
If you pant for purer air,
If you thirst for sweeter fountains,
They are nearer heaven there.

Does the rugged path appall thee,
Leading upward out of sight ?
Oh, no evil can befall thee
In that pure celestial light.

And there, when comes the even,
They who climb so near the sky,
Fall asleep and wake in heaven,
When they lay them down to die.

To One in Heaven.

THE morn comes o'er the eastern hill,
Solemn, sublime, in bright array ;
While in the west the moon stands still
To welcome in the New-Year's day.

Behind yon peak the deepening glow
Tells where the winter's sun will rise ;
While shadows melt along the snow
That in each purple valley lies.

The scene is glorious, passing fair,
But heaven's high day-spring who can tell,
Where sun, and moon, and brightest star
Are lost in light ineffable ?

Oh, sweet and strange the thoughts that rise
To thee and thy blest home on high !
How green the hills of Paradise,
How fair the flowers that never die.

Beloved and sainted ones are there,
To press the pure, new wine of joy
From clusters in that kingdom fair,
Whose sweets are dashed with no alloy.

'Tis lonely here, but thou art blest,
Beyond the gates of toil and pain ;
Thy feet have entered on their rest,
And could not tread these thorns again.

I do not fear thou wilt forget,
I do not fear thy love will die ;
On memories fond no sun will set
In the land of love beyond the sky.

Oh, that which brightens to the last,
And stays the parting breath to bless,
Can ne'er be reckoned in the past,
Or vanish into nothingness.

And I rejoice, though tears may fall,
For every loved one safely there :
Not one, not one, would I recall,
Whose eyes have looked on scenes so fair.

And I will sing of mercy still,
Though judgment come at His command ;
Righteous and holy is His will, —
He smiteth with a father's hand.

The Far-off Home.

Down the hill of life descending,
I am looking for my home ;
Where the narrow path is tending,
Light with shadow softly blending,
Seems to beckon me to come.

O'er the hills and mountains hoary
Lies the home I look for now, —
In the land of sacred story,
Where Immanuel reigns in glory,
Many crowns upon His brow.

Jordan's stream is near me flowing,
Deep its wave, and deadly cold ;
Yet unto its brink I'm going :
Oh, it needs the light that's glowing
O'er that city paved with gold.

Clouds and shadows rise around me,
But through all the cross I see ;
And the love of Him that found me,
And, from many a chain that bound me,
With His bleeding hands set free.

Dear the home that earth has given, —
Sweetly echoes its refrain ;
But in time its bonds are riven ;
Till we all go home to heaven
We'll ne'er sing its songs again.

Shall I mourn for days departed,
Failing streams, and fountains dry ?
Oh, the true and loving-hearted, —
Oh, the hopes by heaven imparted, —
Gathering in a home on high !

No : the path is not so cheerless ;
Thousand blessings still are mine ;
Though my eyes may not be tearless,
Let my heart be firm and fearless,
Following yonder light divine.

Only weary, not affrighted ;
Calm, but earnest, let me be, —
Like the traveller benighted,
Looking for the window lighted,
Shining o'er the waste for me.

Blessed Jesus ! thou hast spoken
Words to cheer the darksome vale ;
Oh, still grant me some sweet token,
When each earthly staff is broken,
And my flesh and heart shall fail.

Through Suffering.

BEHOLD yon pathway to the skies,
 Poor pilgrim of a stormy day !
Through sorrows dark and deep it lies,
Bleak are the hills that round it rise,
 But blessed is the way.

Not where the flowers spring fair and free,
 And smooth and easy the ascent ;
Narrow and strait the path must be, —
The pilgrim's staff and scrip for thee, —
 For thee the pilgrim's tent.

And is it much that we who sow,
 Should taste the bitter fruits of sin ?
He drank the dreadful cup of woe,
That we its depths might never know,
 And life eternal win.

Oh, followers of the Lamb that died,
 Even so must ye perfection gain ;
Through suffering tried and purified,
Till, perfect as your glorious Guide,
 At last with Him ye reign.

My Mother.

The golden bowl is broken,
The silver chord undone;
And a pilgrim worn and weary
To her long, long home is gone.

AGAIN with funeral march they come!
The pall, the bier is in their train;
But they bear a weary pilgrim home,
And break a captive's heavy chain.

Resting at last with placid brow,
No more by grief or pain opprest;
No more for thee to bear or do, —
Thy hands lie folded on thy breast.

They laid thee in the silent ground,
To sleep till wakened with the just;
But heavy on our hearts the sound
Of earth to earth, and dust to dust.

My first, my never failing friend,
No love like thine is left to me;
The same without a change or end,
In time as in eternity.

By Jordan lingering thou didst stand,
To pierce the dark, dread mystery, —
For gleams of yonder shining strand
That mortal eye may never see.

Now thou hast seen that far-off land,
And bowed before its glorious King;
While long-lost friends, clasped hand in hand,
Thy welcome with His praises sing.

The Hand that Wrought with Mine.*

THERE was a hand that wrought with mine
To gather up these autumn leaves,
That now can only wreathe a shrine
With those that mournful memory weaves.

There was an eye that lingered long
And kindly o'er each leaf and spray ;
Seeking some music in the song,
Some lasting beauty in the lay.

There was a smile that cheered me on,
Which I, alas, no more shall see ;
And what avails, since thou art gone,
And all the world seems sad to me ?

The fairest things we gather here,
Laid on thy grave, soon fade away ;
There's no memorial love can rear
But Time will crumble in decay.

* Dr. A. G. Dana died August 20th, 1861.

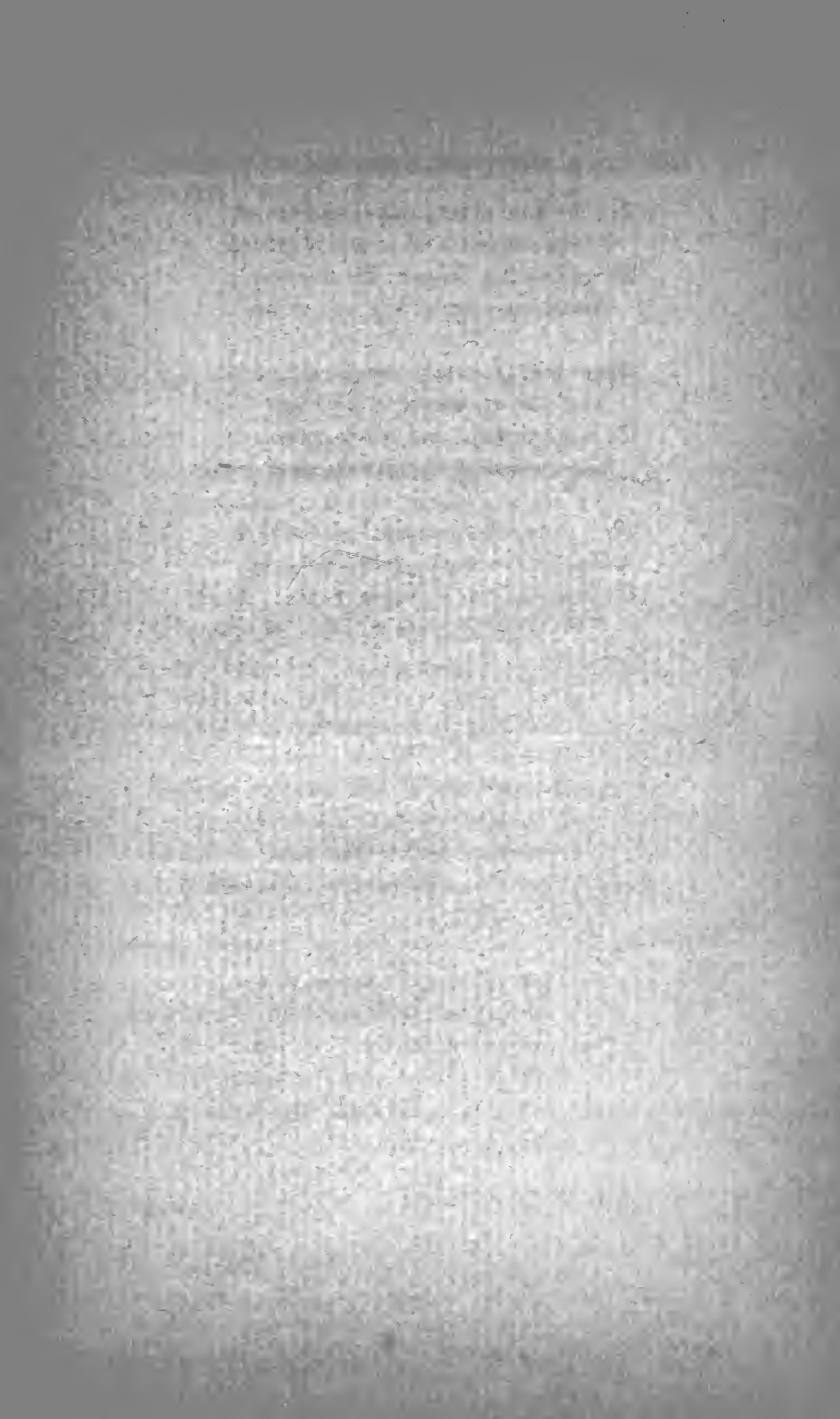
160 *THE HAND THAT WROUGHT WITH MINE.*

But in those green, unfading bowers,
In the unseen land to which we go,
No sorrow lies beneath the flowers,
No treasure under winter's snow.

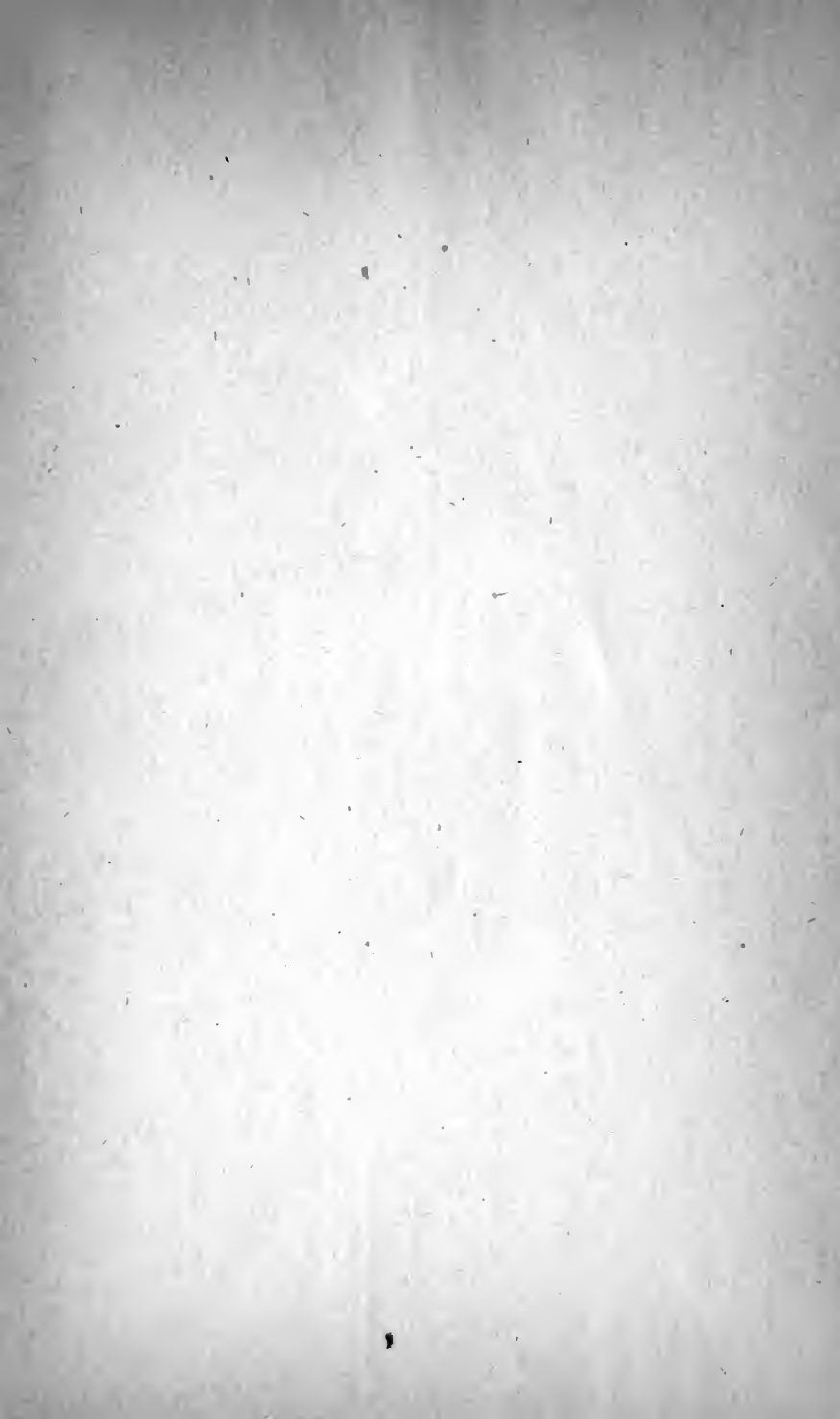
There wilt thou take my hand again,
And lead me through the Eden fields ;
No more to hope and toil in vain
For the fading things time only yields.

Oh, glorious home ! I'll look for thee
Above yon purple, star-lit shore,
Until the loved ones there I see,
And dream of them and thee no more.

THE END.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 775 619 9